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WILL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY COMMIT SUICIDE?

BY THE EDITOR

However great may have been the surprise of Santa Claus when, upon emerging from the spacious chimney of the Republican mansion on Christmas eve, he found Dissension and Depression gazing mournfully into the ashes of defeat, it could not have equalled his amazement at the sight of Exultance and Confidence enthroned by the fireside in the barren hut of Democracy. After all, the presence of the former was not unaccountable; he had found them there before at rare intervals for brief periods; but the appearance of the latter in so unaccustomed a place could have been verified only by Vision, since Reason could not testify. How the saintly philosopher must have smiled when he beheld those prattling babes—offspring of Faith and Fatuity!

Democratic rejoicing fills the air. We read of noble banquets, of vainglorious toastings, of grandiloquent speechmaking, of succulent anticipating of yet greater joys assured. Victory they celebrate when not even Opportunity was won. Examine the facts.

Did the Democrats carry Congress? No. The robber tariff won stern rebuke. Did the Democrats carry New York? Far from it. They did not even poll their full vote. Dix received fewer votes than Chanler. Republicans deliberately defeated their candidate and his sponsor by remaining at home. Did the Democrats carry Ohio? Not at all. Harmon's vote was 477,000; Bryan's was 502,000.

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Did the Democrats carry New Jersey? No. Wilson, the independent, the progressive, the eloquent, achieved his own election and with it a Legislature by a small majority. Did the Democrats carry Connecticut or Massachusetts? Neither. Baldwin barely won by the aid of Roosevelt, Foss by sheer audacity; both States return Republican Senators. In Indiana, regular Republicans defeated the insurgent Beveridge; in Maine, Hale, by emulating Achilles, chose a Democrat as his successor; in Nebraska, Bryan, maintaining unbroken his peerless record of helping the enemy, defeated the Democratic candidate for Governor.

The Democrats as a party achieved not a single victory. Their success, which now is celebrated, was forced upon them; the opportunity in which they revel was presented, not hopefully, but grudgingly, by a discontented and resentful people.

And yet, despite causes, the condition remains. And the portents are favorable. History points unerringly. In 1874 the Democrats carried the House of Representatives. Two years later Tilden was elected. Again in 1882 the Democrats swept the country. Two years later Cleveland won the Presidency. In 1890 the people repudiated an inordinate tariff and returned a majority of Democratic Representatives. Two years later Cleveland carried the country a second time and the Democrats won the Congress. Invariably the result of an intermediate election has presaged success of the winning party in the succeeding contest. Two short years do not afford sufficient time for the swinging back of the political pendulum. Popular waves, even of resentment, recede slowly. The present condition parallels that of 1874, of 1882 and notably of 1890, when the overpowering National issue was, as it was in 1910, excessive and discriminating protection of favored interests.

There is, moreover, additional hope for the Democracy in the fact that the opposition, hitherto united and solid, is now irremediably divided. So far from welding the antagonistic elements into a phalanx for unified defence and self-preservation, defeat has served only to widen the breach. Scars abound. Churlishness prevails. Lust of internecine vengeance dominates. The Appalachian range is the deadline of the Republicans. Those of the East hold their former brethren of the West in derision and are met with defiance. Only the most consummate political sagacity, utilized by

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a politician as pre-eminent as Lincoln, could encompass so much as a truce. And Mr. Taft not only lacks the capacity of successful leadership himself, but finds little or none among his advisers. The party call to arms anticipated at the opening of Congress was not sounded. Peace, peace, was the plaintive cry, when there was and could be no peace, except in response to virile and appealing demand. The break continues between faction and faction, between regularity and insurgency, between President and ex-President. If another election were to be held to-morrow, every Aldrich would connive at the defeat of every Beveridge, every Cummins would pray for the downfall of every Kean —and each and every one would be gratified by the sharp responses of an indignant people. The ingratiating words of the President are as futile as an impassioned appeal from his predecessor would prove innocuous. Doubt of the directive abilities of the one is no less fatal to essential achievement than distrust of the sincerity of the other. For the time both Taft and Roosevelt are broken reeds—and there is no other.

Who, then, can prevent the election of a Democrat as President? The answer is swift and certain. Only the Democrats themselves. They, too, lack cohesion and their leaders, experience. It is not, perhaps, their fault. How could they have been expected to develop recognized authority among their men while virtually ostracized from public consideration? Doubtless as much native talent lives in the heads of one of the halves of our citizens as in the other, but it has either slept or sought expression and found stimulation in the professions, in pedagogy, in business, in finance. A solitary demagogue has held the partisan millions in the hollow of his hand for nearly two decades and even now threatens to palsy the prospects of success. Happily, his immeasurable folly in robbing himself of his vaunted " regularity "—his only remaining claim to recognition —has restricted his influence to communities where it cannot affect results, but it is still active, still baneful and still reckoned by the timorous as worthy of conciliatory regard.

On the other hand, *mirabile dictu*, out of the ruck have shot up strong and vivid personalities. Men have arisen, real men, men of force, of conviction, of understanding, of ideals—the rugged and successful Harmon, the picturesque, though uncertain, Gaynor, the firm but cautious Dix, the

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virtuously homely Marshall, the erudite Baldwin, the winning Plaistead, the flamboyant Foss, and, finally, like a meteor in the sky, the bold and sentient Wilson. Truly, a goodly few; but yet—a few.

In Congress: Clark, the one commanding figure, big as of the West, resolute though amiable, careful yet courageous, broad, thoughtful and, above all, in his place at this time, experienced. His chief aides in tariff-making: Underwood, James, Sherley, Harrison, capable, high-minded and industrious men, whose talents have yet to win wide recognition.

In the Senate: Bailey, Rayner, Money, Tillman, Hughes, Bacon, Culberson, Martin, Read, Kern and three of the utmost political importance yet to be chosen by New York and New Jersey and Ohio. These—in common with the Governors within their own jurisdictions—are the men who must formulate the policies upon which their party will stand or fall in November of the ensuing year.

The issues! Paramount stands the tariff—the bane of timid statesmen, the bugaboo of politicians. The Republican policy is fixed and irrevocable. Piecemeal revision under the guidance of the new Commission is the programme, promulgated by Taft and endorsed by Roosevelt. Though viewed askance by the insurgents, it will stand as the proposal of the next Republican Convention. What, then, will be the sifting from a multitude of Democratic counsels? What has been? So far only fright. One need but mention the subject at a gathering of Democrats to change a feast into a funeral. But it cannot be ignored; it cannot be evaded; it cannot be compromised, as in 1894, when the passage of the ill-fated Wilson bill presaged certain disaster. The situation must be met squarely and courageously by the Sixty-second Congress, and the Democratic party must abide by the result of the action of its authorized representatives.

Is the problem so very difficult, after all? The Democratic policy is traditional. It was established eighty years ago and has varied since only in degree and in unimportant phrasing. It never comprehended free trade. It stands now as then for *a tariff primarily for revenue and incidentally for protection.*

"While the chief object of duties should be revenue," said President Jackson in his second inaugural message,

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"they may be so adjusted as to encourage manufactures. In this adjustment, however, it is the duty of the Government to be guided by the general good. Objects of National importance alone ought to be protected."

Again he declared, in words no less pertinent then than now:

"The general rule to be applied in graduating the duties upon articles of foreign growth or manufacture is that which will place our own in fair competition with those of other countries. . . . When we reflect upon the difficulty and delicacy of this operation, it is important that it should never be attempted but with the utmost caution. Frequent legislation in regard to any branch of industry, affecting its value, and by which its capital may be transferred to new channels, must always be productive of hazardous speculation and loss. . . . All attempts to connect these questions with the party conflicts of the day are necessarily injurious and should be discountenanced. Our action upon them should be under the control of higher and purer motives."

Referring to the "few statesmen" whose minds had conceived "a tariff of high duties designed for perpetual protection," he said:

"The most they have anticipated is a temporary and generally incidental protection, which they maintain has the effect to reduce the price by domestic competition below that of the foreign article. Experience, however, makes it doubtful whether the advantages of this system are not counterbalanced by many evils, and whether it does not tend to beget in the minds of a large portion of our countrymen a spirit of discontent and jealousy dangerous to the stability of the Union.

"What, then, shall be done? Large interests have grown up under the implied pledge of our National legislation, which it would seem a violation of public faith suddenly to abandon. Nothing could justify it but the public safety, which is the supreme law. But those who have invested their capital in manufacturing establishments cannot expect that the people will continue permanently to pay high taxes for their benefit when the money is not required for any legitimate purpose in the administration of the Government."

He therefore recommended that—

"If upon investigation it shall be found, as it is believed it will be, that the legislative protection granted to any particular interest is greater than is indispensably requisite, it be gradually diminished and the whole scheme of duties be reduced to the revenue standard as soon as a just regard to the faith of the Government and to the preservation of the large capital invested in establishments of domestic industry will permit."

The tariff of 1833 was constructed upon this recommendation. It provided that where *ad valorem* duties exceeded twenty per cent., one-tenth of the excess should be remitted after December 30th, 1833; one-tenth thereafter on each alternate year till December 31st, 1841, when half of the

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remaining duty was to be remitted; and after June, 1842, all duties were to be reduced to twenty per cent. on a home valuation.

So the tariff was revised downwards by degrees, covering a period of nine years, without disturbing business or upsetting a single industry. Manufacturers were given ample time to readjust their affairs to meet the changes fixed by law, and a feeling of certainty superseded constant apprehension.

So the tariff can and should be revised by the Sixty-second Congress.

True, the industries of the country have multiplied so enormously, and the expenditures of the Government have increased so unduly, that percentages of reduction applicable from 1833 to 1842 would not be practicable from 1911 to 1920, but the *principle* of gradual change might well be restated as the definite Democratic policy. Nor, in fixing such percentages, should the direct bearing of the present woful extravagance be overlooked. It is as true to-day, as it was when President Jackson testified, that taxes "have been cheerfully borne because they were thought to be necessary to the support of the Government. But," he asked, as the new Congress may well inquire, "have we a right to calculate on the same cheerful acquiescence when it is known that the necessity for their continuance would cease were it not for irregular, improvident and unequal appropriations of public funds?"

President Polk upheld the true Democratic policy as defined by Jackson with notable lucidity. His statement of the conditions which grew out of the tariff of 1842 is an accurate presentation of those which now exist as a consequence of the tariff legislation of last year. Could the present situation be depicted more clearly than in the following words addressed to the Congress in 1845:

"Many of the oppressive duties range from one per cent. to more than two hundred per cent. They are prohibitory on some articles and partially so on others and bear most heavily on articles of common necessity and but lightly on articles of luxury. It is so framed that much the greatest burden which it imposes is thrown on labor and the poorer classes, who are least able to bear it, while it protects capital and exempts the rich from paying their just proportion of the taxation required for the support of the Government. While it protects the capital of the wealthy manufacturer and increases his profits, it does not benefit the operatives or laborers in his employment whose wages have not been increased by it. . . .

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It imposes heavy and unjust burdens on the farmer, the planter, the commercial man, and those of all other pursuits except the capitalist who has made his investment in manufactures."

And yet, he declared, firmly:

"I am far from entertaining opinions unfriendly to the manufacturers. On the contrary, I desire to see them prosperous as far as they can be so without imposing unequal burdens on other interests. The advantage under any system of indirect taxation, *even within the revenue standard*, must be in favor of the manufacturing interest, and of this no other interest will complain."

Pleading for a stable policy, he said:

"High protective duties, from their unjust operation upon the masses of the people, cannot fail to give use to extensive dissatisfaction and complaint and to constant efforts to change or repeal them, *rendering all investments in manufactures precarious and uncertain.* Lower and more permanent rates of duty, at the same time that they will yield to the manufacturer fair and remunerative profits, will secure him against the danger of frequent changes in the system, which cannot fail to ruinously affect his interests."

These views were codified by Secretary-of-the-Treasury Robert J. Walker thus:

"In suggesting improvements in the revenue laws, the following principles have been adopted:

"1. That no more money should be collected than is necesary for the wants of the Government economically administered.

"2. That no duty be imposed on any article above the lowest rate which will yield the largest amount of revenue.

"3. That, below such rate, discrimination may be made or the article may be placed in the list of those free from all duty.

"4. That the maximum rate of duty should be imposed on luxuries.

"5. That all specific duties should be abolished and *ad valorem* duties substituted in their place.

"6. That the duty should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating neither for nor against any class or section."

Such is the Democratic creed, enunciated by Jackson, amplified by Polk and reiterated by Tilden and Cleveland. It is the policy, not merely of the party, but of the whole people. Whenever it has been adhered to in practice, the party has been successful and the country has prospered. Whenever it has been disregarded, the party has gone down to defeat and favored interests have come into complete control of the Government. The Democracy had its opportunity in 1893 and broke faith with the people. After eighteen years another has been offered as an accompaniment of popular vengeance, and this, unless availed of, should and probably will be the last. To revise the tariff

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downwards in such a manner as to prevent disturbance of legitimate business—that is the plain mandate of the people. It can be done by heeding the fundamental principles enunciated by Walker in 1846 and by adopting the method of gradual reductions effected by Jackson in 1833.

Nothing else and nothing less will suffice. Talk of revision, schedule by schedule, differs in no material respect from the Republican piecemeal plan. Like that, it is evasive and dilatory. Like that, it is designed to palliate and deceive. The Democratic Representatives in Congress will be culpable of the grossest dereliction of duty, to put it mildly, if they shall fail to have a complete tariff measure, grounded upon established Democratic policy, ready for presentation at the opening of the Sixty-second Congress in December of the present year. And the time to begin the construction of such a measure is *now*. The country requires to be convinced of the intelligence no less than of the fidelity of the discredited and distrusted Democracy.

Be it clearly understood: The country has no love for the Democratic party. Its superb services in the initial period of the Republic have been neutralized by its vagaries of recent years. It has ceased to attract young men, who alone can sustain the vitality of an organization. Its chief purpose has been and seems to be now rather to win than to deserve authority. Antiquated methods, effective only in dealing with a somnolent public, are still relied upon to hold an awakened people. Old hands continue to finger purse-strings and old feet to wear shoes of gum.

All this must change or all is lost. The call is for a New Democracy, enlightened, progressive, upholding ideals, unafraid of the sunlight of publicity, eager and ready at all times to cross swords with the enemy in the forum of public judgment—a Democracy striving to profit less from the mistakes of its antagonist and more from its own affirmative deeds wrought in the common interest for the common weal.

Let the new Congress write into the statutes the one great law demanded by the people and let the new Governors invigorate the laws that will raise new Stateism high above new Nationalism as an effective force and the regenerated party of the past will again become the handmaid of the Republic. To look backwards or to hesitate is only to invite the Almighty to transform a revivified corpse into a pillar of salt.

Which, gentlemen, shall it be? THE EDITOR.

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A GOVERNMENT OF LAW OR A GOVERNMENT OF MEN?

BY HORACE H. LURTON, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

WHICH shall it be, a government of law or a government of men?

As the alternative to a government of law is a despotism, whether the despots be many or one, benevolent or malignant, the question admits of but one answer. But are we not more or less conscious of a restless tugging against the bonds of the law and the yoke of the Constitution? Is there not a growing disposition to disregard the limitations which we have placed upon those in authority and a tendency to applaud the doing of things which we wish done, regardless of whether lawful or unlawful? If one in power does things which displease us, we are swift to inquire into his authority; but is that so if the thing done meets with our approval?

The tendency to throw off the obligation of a rigid Constitution has attracted the attention of so wise and intelligent an observer as Mr. James Bryce, now British Ambassador to the United States, who, in a forceful essay on Flexible and Rigid Constitutions, when referring to the protection afforded by rigid constitutions to the minority as a leading argument for their continuance, says:

"A change of view has, however, become noticeable within the last few years. In the new democracies of the United States . . . the multitude no longer fear abuse of power by its rulers. It is itself the ruler, accustomed to be coaxed and flattered. It feels no need for the protection which rigid constitutions give. And in the United States it chafes under these restrictions of legislative power embodied in the Federal Constitution or State Constitutions (as the case may be) which have surrounded the rights of property and the obligation of subsisting contracts with safeguards obnoxious not only to the party called 'Socialists,' but to reformers of other type. As these safeguards are sometimes thought to prevent the application of needed remedies and to secure impunity for abuses which have become intrenched behind them, the aforesaid constitutional provisions

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have incurred criticism and censure from various sections, and many attempts have been made by State Legislatures . . . to disregard or evade these restrictions. These attempts are usually defeated by the action of Courts, when it happens that both the Federal Constitution and the functions of the Judiciary are often attacked in the country which was so extravagantly proud of both institutions a half-century ago. This strife between the bench as the defenders of old-fashioned doctrines, embodied in the provisions of a rigid constitution (Federal or State) and of State Legislatures acting at the bidding of a large section of voters, is a remarkable feature of contemporary America."

Has this disinterested and most wise observer overdrawn the dangers which threaten our institutions? Has he mistaken the direction in which we are drifting, or the magnitude of the factors which are undermining our fundamental law, National and State?

Is the obligation to support and uphold the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof dependent upon whether the legislative body, the executive or the judge shall think the public welfare will be best promoted by its enforcement or its disregard? May a legislative body disregard a plain constitutional limitation merely because it may think the public welfare thereby promoted? May a Court disregard a plain law constitutionally passed merely because it may think it unjust or unwise? May one charged with the enforcement or execution of the law decline to execute it as written and modify it if it deems the public good thereby advanced?

One may read and hear upon every hand such sentiments as this: "The law is a means, not an end; a means to be used for the public good, to be modified for the public good and to be interpreted for the public good." Neither do the outcries against constitutional restraints come only from those who find in them barriers against assaults upon property and contract rights, but from the very class who are supposed to be sheltered from popular legislation by the safeguards which a large section of voters wish to sweep away. There is a widely circulated address by one of the ablest of our business men, the head of one of the most important of our great business corporations, complaining of the restraints and inconveniences due to the authority exercised by the States and by limitations upon Federal power, wherein he says:

"Cries for Federal control are the growing-pains of a great people. Let Senator Root and all others who are leaders make no mistake. The

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people of the country are not afraid of themselves, and they are no more doubtful of their power as citizens of the United States than they are of their power as citizens of the States. They see their opportunity and they will not try to run away from it. On the contrary, they will crowd every opportunity. Having a given thing to do in common, no one can persuade them that they cannot do it better by doing it once for all than by doing it forty-six times."

Despairing of relief by amending the Federal Constitution from the fate of effort in that direction in the past, he points out that the needful enlargement of Federal power will arise from the action of the Supreme Court, saying:

"But the Constitution has been changed, nevertheless, and it will be changed again. Whatever the demands of the nation's growth and of the nation's welfare may be, whatever new and strange governmental problems may arise, the unwritten Constitution and the Supreme Court will be equal to them."

In the same line, a great journal, representing a large conservative class, lately referred to the Supreme Court as a "Continuous Constitutional Convention."

These views, taken from opposite poles of opinion, concur in establishing the existence of a great and impressive body of criticism of the very fundamentals upon which our American constitutional system rests. The seriousness of the matter lies not so much in that relaxation is desired with reference to restraint upon legislative power, Federal and State, as in the fact that such change is largely anticipated through an exercise of legislative power by the Courts in expanding or modifying the Federal Constitution, under guise of constitutional construction, and in obedience to the bidding of an apparent majority public sentiment, as to obviate the necessity of amendment in the manner required by the instrument itself.

I do not propose to touch upon the merits of the ends which either class of opinion seek to advance by a letting down of the constitutional bars which stand in the way of assaults upon contract or property rights nor upon the advantages which are supposed to result to the "business interests" of the country by the unification of legislation affecting them. The thought to which I address myself is the effect upon our institutions if the time shall come when the judiciary shall cease to regard the line which separates judicial and legislative functions by either abdicating their authority as the expounders and defenders of constitutional restraint or by arrogating to themselves the right to destroy

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or modify a plain expression of legislative will when constitutionally expounded. The appeal to and criticism of the Courts is one which concerns the State Courts no less than the Courts of the Union, for the tendency is to obliterate the line which divides the legislative and judicial powers as well as the obligation which rests upon every Court to apply and enforce the law of the Constitution whenever it conflicts with the inferior law of ordinary legislation. The contention that the obligation of a Constitution is to be disregarded if it stands in the way of that which is deemed of public advantage, or that a valid law, under the Constitution, is to be interpreted or modified so as to accomplish that which the executive administering it, or a Court called upon to enforce it, shall deem to the public advantage, is destructive of the whole theory upon which our American Commonwealths have been founded, to say nothing of the constitutional relation of the Union and the States to each other. It is a substitution of a government of men for a government of law. It is against this that I warn.

Two political dogmas were of universal acceptance among the generation which converted thirteen dependent colonies into thirteen independent sovereign States, and which later converted these States into an indissoluble union of indissoluble States. These dogmas were: first, that all power resides in the people and that they might institute such government as they saw fit, and that authority conferred by the organic instrument creating such governments was a delegated authority limited by the creative act of the people; and, second, that the best security against usurpation of power would be found in a distribution of the functions of government between independent departments.

In passing, it may be observed that the idea of an absolute democracy found no favor whatever. However valuable or desirable direct popular legislation may be in a small community of intelligent and conservative citizens, the notion was universally regarded as absolutely unworkable upon any large scale. Hence the model upon which the State and Federal Governments were constituted was that of a representative constitutional democracy, and the guarantee to each State of a republican form of government found in the Federal Constitution refers obviously to the character of republican governments which then existed, a form inconsistent with a pure or absolute democracy.

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The thought to which I particularly wish to direct attention concerns the distribution of the powers of government.

Nearly a half-century before our Federal Constitution emerged, Montesquieu formulated and defended upon unanswerable philosophical and historical considerations the dogma that neither public nor private liberty could be maintained without a division of the legislative, executive and judicial functions of government. His great treatise upon the Spirit of Laws had then been long translated into the language of every civilized country; was well known to the thoughtful and educated of every nation and had acquired a prodigious influence throughout Europe and America. Concerning the influence of Montesquieu upon the men who made or brought about the adoption of our Federal Constitution, Mr. Bryce, the most discerning and capable of those foreigners who have written of our institutions, in his "American Commonwealth," says:

"No general principle of politics laid such hold on the Constitution-makers and statesmen of America as the dogma that the separation of these three functions is essential to freedom. It had already been made the groundwork of several State Constitutions. It is always reappearing in their writings; it was never absent from their thoughts."

After a comparison of the condition of the people of Continental Europe with that of the English and a consideration of the governments which then existed, Montesquieu thus states his conclusion in respect to the wisdom of such a division of power:

"There is no liberty, if the judiciary power be not separated from the legislative and executive. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control; for the judge would then be the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with violence and oppression. Then would be an end of everything, were the same men or the same body to exercise these three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing them and of trying the cases of individuals."

Fundamental as such a separation has come to be regarded by all who love liberty regulated by law, it was almost a novel conception when developed by Montesquieu. The government of England afforded the nearest approach to such a system, and from a comparison of the operation of the English plan and of the English people and their institutions with the governments and condition of the people of Continental States, he deduced the dogma as one of necessary application in every free State. The colonies as they

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converted themselves into States took care to embody this separation dogma in their Bill of Rights, a method of putting the matter upon an even higher authority than the Constitution itself, if that were possible. Thus Virginia wrote into her Bill of Rights of June 12th, 1776, that the legislative and executive powers of the State should be separate and distinct from the judiciary. Maryland inserted in her Bill of Rights of November 11th, 1776, the statement:

"That the legislative, executive and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other."

The declaration in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights is particularly emphatic. It reads:

"In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them; the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them; the judiciary shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them; to the end it may be a government of laws and not men."

It followed from the settled practice of the States in the organization of their respective State governments that when, many years later, the formation of the present Federal Constitution was begun the same separation of powers to be exercised by the Union was made the corner-stone of the structure. Thus by Section 1, Article 1, it is provided that:

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives."

By Section 1, of Article 2, it is declared that the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America, and by Section 1, of Article 3, it is said that:

"The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."

In the organization of the States the same plan is adopted, and the judicial power is vested in the Courts created by the State in much the same definite terms.

That the exercise of power vested in one branch by another would be a usurpation, and as such null and void, is too plain to need argument.

Thus, to take the case of Congress, it is vested with the entire legislative power delegated by the Constitution. By necessary implication no other department can constitution-

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ally exercise any power which is legislative. Neither can the Congress exercise any power which is either executive or judicial, for the very obvious reason that no such power has been granted to it, and also for the reason that whatever the executive power of the United States is, it has been exclusively vested in the President. So with the judicial power of the United States—that power, whatever it is, is, by the Constitution, vested only in the Courts of the United States, and may, therefore, be exerted only by the Courts.

What is the security against a usurpation of power by one department which belongs to another?

There is, of course, the force of public opinion. So long as there is entertained by any decided majority of the people a serious and earnest conviction that the encroachment of one branch of the government upon the domain of another must be resisted at every cost, the boundary line is not likely to be wilfully overstepped. Then there is the solemn obligation of the oath which presumptively binds the conscience of every legislator, executive and judge, that he will respect and obey the organic law, which includes this distribution of powers. These are the only sanctions possessed by the people of any other land for the maintenance of any limitation upon the legislative power. But if these prove unavailing, as they have proven many times, and the executive undertakes to exercise legislative or judicial power, or the legislative body shall assume to combine the functions which pertain to either of the other departments, how shall such usurpation of power be resisted, or the executive trespass be restrained, or the legislative enactment be nullified? Other nations have endeavored, by organic popular legislation called constitutions, to restrain the power of the executive and legislative authority, but the only security provided against the violation of the boundaries thus set consisted in public opinion and the sanctity of an oath. Neither has proven effective. Having an unlimited power to interpret and apply such restrictions, the legislative power has in France, where there has been a succession of constitutions, been found unrestrainable by any such barriers.

"The limitations imposed by French constitutions are not [says Dicey in his Law of the Constitution] in reality laws, since they are not rules which in the last resort will be enforced by the Courts. Their true character is that of maxims of political morality, which derive whatever strength they have from being formally placed in the Constitution and from the resulting force of public opinion."

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But under our American system of constitutional government, the power which the Courts have to determine the invalidity of a legislative or executive act as in excess of delegated constitutional power extends also to acts which are in violation of the distribution of governmental functions made by the organic law. While the executive power may not be restrained from the exercise of any executive duty, imperative or discretionary, yet if an official undertake to do an act clearly unauthorized he is but a trespasser and may not resist the restraints of the Courts by holding up as a shield either the office which he holds, if he has exceeded his lawful power, or a statute which is no law because in excess of legislative power. It follows, of course, that rights cannot be enforced which wholly depend upon either a void executive or legislative foundation. The principle that the acts of an executive in excess of his lawful authority are void and restrainable is a well-settled principle of English law. "The principle," says Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," "is a corner-stone of English liberty."

In the one case as in the other the question can only arise for judicial determination in a justiciable matter involving rights of persons or property affected by the act of usurpation. Unless, therefore, the encroachment by one department upon the domain of the other becomes involved in a case justiciable in character, there is no way by which the separation of the functions of government may be made effective through the Courts.

Much of the popular opinion concerning the scope of the power of the Courts grows out of a misconception of the authority under which Courts assume to declare a legislative enactment void if found repugnant to the organic law of a constitution. From the beginning it has been claimed by American Courts as a proper function of the Courts under our American constitutional system. It is a doctrine which originated in the Courts of the States long before the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Professor Thayer, in his Constitutional Cases, refers to no less than five decisions by State Courts prior to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, in which it was held that the power of State legislation was limited by constitutional restrictions, and that it was the duty of the judicial power to declare legislation repugnant to such superior law void and unenforceable whenever necessary to determine the rights of parties

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in pending cases. The earliest of reported cases is that of Commonwealth *v.* Caton, decided by the Virginia Court of Appeals in 1782. Neither that case, nor either of the decisions I refer to, are cited by Chief-Justice Marshall in Marbury *v.* Madison, although they afforded a body of opinion of commanding influence which one cannot suppose the great Chief Justice to have been ignorant of, especially as one of them was from his own State.

This doctrine was challenged by many extreme Republicans, and the principle was asserted by no less a statesman than Mr. Jefferson that a Legislature was itself the judge of the meaning and scope of a State Constitution, and that the Courts had no authority superior to the Legislature in applying the Constitution. The doctrine, however, was generally accepted, and at this time is regarded as a proper judicial function by an overwhelming majority of public opinion. But of late, with the great influx of an enormous mass of immigrants unaccustomed to democratic government and wholly unfamiliar with the American constitutional idea, there has been a great increase in the number of those voters who object to any restraint upon the will of the majority as voiced in either Congress or the State legislative assemblies, and therefore consider this power to annul a law as the usurpation of legislative authority.

That the power thus exercised in doing these things is not legislative, but judicial, will be plainly evident if we do but stop to consider the nature of an American Constitution. If those instruments are merely accepted declarations of moral and political principles to which the people have given their assent and which officials are pledged to uphold, as is the case with a political party platform, then it is a flagrant act of usurpation and a defiance of the legislative will when the Courts refuse to give effect to legislation, even though it may violate so-called constitutional principles. The very corner-stone of American constitutional law is, that the instruments under which the State governments were organized, and the same is true of the Federal Constitution, were acts of organic sovereign legislation, defining and limiting the scope of the governments organized thereunder. It is, therefore, a profound fact that both State and Federal governments are governments exercising delegated, and therefore limited, powers. *There is no deposit of unlimited power in any government organized under the American*

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system of constitutional governments. It follows, therefore, that neither State nor Congressional legislation which is in excess of delegated power may be enacted or enforced without a disregard of the supreme will of the people as expressed in the underlying legislation contained in the constating instruments enacted by them.

From these conceptions result two kinds of law differing in authority:

(*a*) The organic underlying law, which we call a constitution, being law enacted by the people in their collective capacity as the source of authority and whereby they defined the powers delegated to each of the great governmental departments created by such primary enactments.

(*b*) Secondary law—that is, enactments by the legislative bodies organized under the primary and superior law contained in the Constitution.

But when the union of States was organized under the present Constitution, whereby there was delegated to the central government the powers therein enumerated, there arose another body of law superior to the primary law found in the State Constitutions. Thenceforward the legislation of a State Legislature was subject to comparison with three higher and superior kinds of law, and it was valid only: first, if it did not conflict with the Constitution of the State; second, if it did not conflict with a valid law of Congress; and, third, if it did not conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

The enactments of Congress were also subject to comparison with the Constitution of the United States, for if they conflicted therewith they were invalid as in excess of the granted powers of Congress.

As a result of these limitations upon the lawmaking power, Federal and State, the judicial power, when a case arose which required for its determination an application of the existing law, if there appeared to be a conflict between two applicable laws, is required to decide which was the law of higher obligation. There was nothing novel in the exercise of this authority. It was a function similar in character to that which the Courts had from all time been exercising when a conflict between two laws appeared. In such case, whether the conflict was between two sections of the same statute, or two statutes passed by the same legislative authority, the judge was compelled to say which was the

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law which it was his duty to enforce. If a conflict arose between a legislative enactment and a constitutional provision, it must follow that the law of higher obligation must be enforced and the conflicting law declared of no force because its enactment was in excess of the power of the enacting body. The authority exercised is no assumption of political or legislative power, but an application of the elementary rule that the acts of an agent in excess of his authority do not bind his principal. The clear obligation of the judge is to enforce the Constitution as the law of highest obligation. If the exercise of that duty require him to declare that an enactment in the form of law is no law, because repugnant to the law of primary obligation, he is obviously obeying the supreme expression of the popular will as found in a law directly enacted by the sovereign authority of the people. That this function should not be understood by the millions who have come among us from lands where constitutional limitations are either unknown or are unenforceable for lack of any definite means of compelling obedience, and therefore regarded as an exercise of legislative power, is not strange. The American dogma that all power resides in the people, and that public officials of every class are but agents executing the power delegated to them through the direct legislation, which constitutes what we call a constitution, is the very root principle upon which we have organized our Federal as well as our State Governments. When this is understood there is no mystery to be explained, no usurpation to be defended when the judge declares that he must follow the superior rather than the inferior law.

That no English judge would venture to declare a statute void which had been in due course passed by the English Parliament is due to conditions fundamentally different from those which confront an American judge.

The so-called Constitution of that country consists only in a body of ancient usages, practices, understandings and statutes declaratory of the principles upon which the government is supposed to be administered. But none of the precedents or statutes have any authority higher than the Parliament itself, and hence do not stand in the way of any legislation whatever, although the effect be to repeal or alter the most fundamental of the principles upon which the government is supposed to be administered. Of these practices, usages or understandings constituting the English Consti-

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tution, the one least challenged or questioned is that the Parliament stands for and speaks with the voice of the whole British people. Its enactments stand, therefore, upon the same plane and are entitled to the same authority as the extraordinary legislation embodied in an American Constitution. So long as the English people are content to regard the voice of the English Parliament as the voice of the English people, and its enactments uncontrollable except by and through a subsequent Parliament, the English judge has no function to exercise which corresponds with that of an American judge when he declares a legislative act void as in conflict with a superior law of obligation. The constitutional duty of the English judge is to apply the enactments of Parliament as the law of highest obligation, there being under English institutions no superior law with which he may compare it, and hence no repugnancy to render it void and no excess of authority in its enactment.

The primary purpose of every such organic instrument of government is to limit the power and control the conduct of the legislative authority by an overruling Constitution, an instrument amendable or repealable only by the people in the manner of its enactment, or as provided by the instrument itself. In the course of events exigencies have arisen and may again arise where constitutional impediments prevent the attainment of ends through ordinary legislation which a temporary majority, or an impatient executive officer, may deem necessary in the public interest. Every such occasion operates as a strain upon the fundamental structure of our government. Whether the general interests will be best subserved by a disregard of constitutional barriers or by obedience to the slow processes for constitutional amendments is a question which goes to the very fundamentals of our institutions. To override constitutional methods spells revolution and tends to the destruction of a government of law. To yield to the clamor of a temporary majority upon the pretence that otherwise popular government is prevented is but to overthrow the barriers which the people themselves, under great deliberation, have erected against their own impulsive majorities. These impediments to hasty action are intended not only as bulwarks for the defence of minorities, but as defences against hotfooted action by temporary majorities in supposed exigencies.

The American scheme of limiting and controlling not only

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executive but legislative power by express constitutional limitations enforceable through the Courts was the single unique improvement in the art and science of government made by the generation which first embodied the idea in their several State Constitutions and then in that of the Union.

Speculative jurists have suggested that if legislation should be found absolutely unreasonable or opposed to a universal idea of natural justice that a Court might refuse to enforce or apply it, and here and there may be found a dictum to that effect. But Sir William Blackstone regarded the legislative power as so uncontrollable that no Court might justify a refusal to enforce it as law for any reason. Thus he says:

"If the Parliament will positively enact a thing to be done which is unreasonable, I know of no power which can control it . . . for that were to set the judicial power above that of the legislative, which would be subversive of all government."

But he adds:

"if some collateral matter arises out of the general words and happens to be unreasonable, then the judges are in decency to conclude that this consequence was not foreseen by the Parliament, and therefore they are at liberty to expound the statute by equity and only *quoad hoc* disregard it. Thus if an act of Parliament give a man power to try all causes that may arise in his manor; yet if a cause should arise in which he himself is a party, the act is construed not to mean that, because it is unreasonable that any man should determine his own quarrel."

But this would not be to disregard or reject the act at all, but to enforce it according to the intent and purpose of the lawmakers, which, if the words be doubtful, is not to be regarded as intending that which would be unreasonable or contrary to natural justice. But Sir William Blackstone lays down in a very positive way that if the legislative power be unqualified, " no Court has the power to defeat the intent of the Legislature, when couched in such evident and express words as leave no doubt whether it was the intent of the Legislature or no."

In Calder *v.* Bull, 3 Dallas, 388, this question of whether it is within the scope of judicial power to refuse to give effect to a plain legislative enactment, which is not repugnant to the Constitution merely because the statute seems to be absurd and unreasonable, was discussed, and Mr. Justice Chase lays down one limitation which is of far-reaching importance—namely, that " the nature and ends of

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legislative power will limit the exercise of it." Mr. Justice Iredell in the same case seems to concur with Sir William Blackstone in the view that it is not for the Courts to set up their judgment against that of the lawmaking power as to the reasonableness or justice of a statute if its meaning be plain and the intent of the law unobscure.

The Constitution of the United States includes a specific enumeration of the subjects in respect to which the Congress may legislate. This is not true of most, if true of any, of our State Constitutions. There is usually a grant of legislative power limited by specific reservations. Referring to this, Judge Raney, in Cincinnati, etc., R. Co. *v.* Commission, 1, Ohio State, 77, 86, said, in reference to the extent of the legislative power under such grant, that "this must therefore always be determined from the nature of the power exercised. If it is found to fall within the general terms of the grant, we can only look to other parts of the Constitution for limitations upon it; if none are found none exist. He adds:

"But as the General Assembly, like the other departments of government, exercises only a delegated authority, it cannot be doubted that any act passed by it not falling fairly within the scope of legislative power is as clearly void as though expressly prohibited."

In Loan Association *v.* Topeka, 20 Wall, 655, Mr. Justice Miller, referring to the implied limitations upon the legislative power, said:

"There are limitations on such power which grow out of the essential nature of all free governments,"

and that legislation under the guise of taxation might, if the purpose was not public,

"none the less be robbery because it is done under the form of law and is called taxation. This is not legislation. It is a decree under legislative form."

When a legislative enactment goes so far as to infringe upon the fundamental maxims of a free government and disregard rights of person or property which it is the declared object of our governments, State and National, to secure, it will be generally found that every such act conflicts with some positive provision of both State and National organic law, and that it will not be necessary to resort to general maxims and unexpressed restraints dependent upon implied limitations.

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Montesquieu has been cited as entertaining the notion that the judges have no power of construing or interpreting any constitutional or statute law. He says:

"In republics the very nature of the constitution requires the judges to follow the letter of the law; otherwise the law might be explained to the prejudice of citizens in cases where their honor, property or life is concerned."

This is a narrow view of his meaning. What he obviously meant was that the function of a judge does not include any alteration, modification or amendment of any authoritative enactment of the legislative body, and that a judge may not explain it away if he happens to think it a bad or unwise law. Thus construed, the statement is sound and is the accepted rule laid down with little or no variation by our Courts, National and State.

The duty of interpretation can only arise in a judicial proceeding when words of doubtful meaning are used, or the structure of the law is ungrammatical or the meaning confused. Neither constitutions nor statutes can escape scrutiny for the purpose of ascertaining their meaning and the intent of the lawmaker. No function can be less subject to the accusation of usurpation than that of endeavoring to carry out a law according to the intent and purpose of the lawmaking department of government.

In this indisputable function of interpreting and construing applicable constitutional or statutory law to the case in hand there lurks, however, an immeasurable power, which is all the more dangerous to the public welfare because under its cover it is possible for a bad or ignorant judge to defeat the legislative purpose. There are doubtless instances where, through ignorance and mistake, a legislative purpose has been misconstrued, and doubtless there are rare instances where judges have conceived it within the scope of the interpreting function to so shape and mould a statute, or even a constitutional provision, as to minimize the effect of a law deemed unwise, as to render it harmless or capable of subserving some genuine public good. That there is a large and intelligent body of public opinion which regards this trimming down or modifying function as quite within the scope of the judicial power and which looks to the Courts with confidence for relief against what they regard as bad and dangerous legislation must be confessed by all who have observed the public press. This is another mani-

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festation of the decay of respect for the limitations imposed by our fundamental law and of the yearning for a government of men rather than a government of laws. If we have outgrown the institutions which have made us the greatest people of the earth, let us change them by direct rather than by indirect means. If our Constitution is too rigid and the restraints upon the legislative power too great, let us amend the Constitution. The theory that the law is only a means to an end is truth. But who is to alter, modify or annul a constitutionally valid law? The executive, who has no function but to execute the law as he finds it; the judge, who has no lawmaking power and whose single duty is to apply the law as he finds it to an existing case? The best means of securing the alteration or repeal of a vicious law is to enforce it.

Any such contention is totally subversive of our institutions and involves a willingness to accept a government of men rather than a government of laws. Neither a Constitution nor a statute is to be treated by either the executive or the judiciary as if it were a "nose of wax," to be twisted and moulded according to the fancy of the occasion. It is against this most dangerous notion of judicial power that I most earnestly protest. There is nothing in the past history of either the National or State judiciary which gives sanction to any such abuse of power or supports an expectation that the function of interpreting will be tortured into an exercise of legislative power. The rules of construction are plain and simple of application. They are in substance identical, whether the instrument for interpretation be a statute or a contract. The Courts possess neither the power of taxation nor that of the sword. They are dependent upon the legislative power for their existence and upon the executive for the force needful to enforce their judgments. Set in the place of an arbiter between the branches among which the functions of government have been parcelled, they constitute the balance-wheel in our unique and splendid governmental system. They are the guardians of the fundamental law which conducts and controls the otherwise uncontrollable legislative power. Their dominating authority is moral. They will continue to retain the authority necessary to their free action so long only as they shall respect their own limitations, scrupulously avoiding the exercise of powers which they have not and fearlessly exercising those

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which they have. But this duty of keeping within the limits of the organic law is one which does not rest upon the judicial branch with any greater force than it rests upon the co-ordinate departments of government. The lawmaker no less than the judge exercises his office under the same solemn obligation to support and uphold the limitations of the organic law. Why shall that oath rest more lightly upon one than the other? In the forum of conscience may the legislator say, as he too often does, "I will not consider that side of the matter—that I will turn over to the Courts." Yet, as we all know, this is not an unusual attitude for a legislator who finds questionable legislation desirable if valid. This is not honest, nor is it expedient.

An important rule of constitutional construction is that legislation shall not be annulled for antagonism to the organic law unless its invalidity is clear. This has its genesis, first, in a proper respect for the Legislature, and, second, upon an assumption that the legislator has himself acted under the obligation of the same oath which forbids his assent to any law which contravenes the Constitution.

The forces which from opposite poles are endeavoring to break down the restraints which safeguard us against the despotic power of an uncontrollable legislative or executive power are not the progressive, but the retrogressive element of our people. The mightiest advance against despotism was made when our fathers devised and put into operation a government of law for a government of men. We read in Holy Writ of one of the prophets who in his despair went a day's journey into the wilderness and laid himself down under a juniper-tree and prayed, "Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Let us rather rejoice that in standing by the institutions which have for more than a century made us the most law-abiding people of the earth, that we are walking in the footsteps of our fathers when we maintain in letter and spirit that division of the great functions of government which the men of Massachusetts, and the men of Virginia and the men of Maryland declared with Montesquieu to be the best security for a government of laws and the only safeguard against a return to a government of men.

HORACE H. LURTON.

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JOHN BROWN AFTER FIFTY YEARS*

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THERE are two men in the history of our States whose lives are of such a lasting spell that wherever you see their names in print you must stay and read what is said of them. To the end of imaginable time, mankind will be bound by an irresistible fascination when men write or speak of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. So different as they were in their lives in their deaths they are not divided, because they both died by the power of slavery: slavery in its supremacy, slavery in its extremity. There will be new biographies of them in each new generation, for each new generation will wish to have its own light turned upon them, but so far as concerns John Brown, it is scarcely to be denied that Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has given us a biography which must remain the storehouse of the significant and the insignificant facts for every biographer hereafter. In its masses and details of accumulation we must regard it as materials of history rather than history, but if we consider it more carefully and examine its tempered and moralized judgments, we cannot well refuse it the acceptance due to history, though its make and its manner are the make and the manner of that contemporaneous history called journalism than rather the more literary sort.

The first great striking effect of the book is that it forces us who lived through the John Brown time, in love and honor of him, to question our unqualified reverence and affection, and allow that if he was greatly sinned against he also greatly sinned. It will not avail us to say to ourselves that in doing the murders on the Pottawatomie he acted from a high sense of duty and in the belief that he was obeying a sort of divine instruction or was stemming greater blood-

* JOHN BROWN. 1800-1859. A Biography Fifty Years After. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

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shed by shedding blood. What he was really doing by his word if not his hand was taking men from their beds, and because of their opinions cutting their throats and lopping their limbs in the night and leaving their dead bodies for their widowed and orphaned families to find in the morning. This is the pitiless truth of the facts which this biography now supplies, but which Brown so disguised to his own conscience and shuffled out of the public knowledge that he never openly regretted or repented them, and that almost all who revered him as a martyr to the cause of the slave remained ignorant of the wicked deed which had made it also the cause of the homicide. On the ground which he held Cromwell could justify himself to us for his slaughter of the Irish; De Montfort, leading his crusade against the Albigenses, could persuade us that he was right in his indiscriminate butchery of Catholic and Heretic because he believed that "God would know His own."

Like these two men, Brown was a Puritan, for both the ruthless Crusader and the ruthless Parliamentarian were Puritans. But it was Brown's fate to be born out of his time and so near a time when his faith in his divine authorization cannot justify an action which is now for the first time, after fifty years, submitted to the world in all its deformity. If any of us truly believe peace is right and war is wrong; that no good end can justify bad means; that though without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, it is the blood shed by the martyr and not by the murderer which shall save us—then we must condemn Brown for what he did in the night on the Pottawatomie, or worse yet, made others do for him. The deed haunts the story of his whole life thereafter and his life theretofore; it throws its malign gleam forward upon the hero of the scaffold at Charlestown and backward on the father in his simple Ohio home bidding his sons kneel round him and share his oath never to cease warring upon slavery.

A prime virtue of Mr. Villard's book is that it realizes to you the wonderful unity of Brown's life, the "continual purpose" that ran through his life from the hour when he began to think to the hour when he ceased to breathe. If to dwell perpetually upon one idea is monomania, then John Brown was a monomaniac; yet he was not quite a monomaniac, for concurrently with his relentless hostilities of will and deed against slavery ran the purposes and business ac-

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tivities of the ordinary man. He was not only a hero at heart, but in head and hand he was an average farmer, an excellent tanner and an enterprising wool merchant, as well as an eager litigant. It was partly the exigencies of industry and commerce in a new country which made him a wanderer; but no doubt it was also the restlessness of the appointed spirit which drove him from Ohio to Massachusetts and from Massachusetts to the North Woods in New York. When the Border Ruffian war in Kansas broke out its flame lighted his way to the opportunity of his strenuous soul, and the making of a name which cannot fade till it is forgotten that there was ever an American democracy based half upon slavery and half upon liberty, and that through him more than through any other man it ceased to be divided against itself.

To such readers of this life of John Brown as lived through the days and years of Bleeding Kansas, it will seem the biography of their own emotions and impulses, if not experiences, and will have an appeal which none later born can feel. These can hardly imagine the intensity of sympathy in the non-combatant witnesses on both sides, or the frenzy of anxiety and resentment with which they followed the small events of the mighty struggle between liberty and slavery as it raged "in that naked country." But here it all lives again, and the ageing reader can see himself as in a glass darkly on every page of this curiously fascinating book. The repeal of that compromise between the North and South by which both sections had long agreed that slavery should not be carried beyond a certain line and the opening of the new territory to it; the instant rush of the Free State men and the Slave State men into the new territory; the nefarious support of the proslavery side by the national Government; the holding of the antagonistic conventions to frame constitutions establishing or forbidding slavery; the succession of Governors Presidentially appointed to aid the Slave State politicians; the successive conversion of these Governors into friends of freedom; the fighting that began as soon as the inimical factions met; the open murder, the ruthless pillage and outrage which went on from bad to worse from the first; the disorder bred in men by the habit of slavery catching to the men bred to order by the habit of liberty; the invited immigrations from both sections; the subsidized resistance to the forms

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of law where there was no law but that of the stronger arm: these were the events and the facts which reported themselves with electrical shocks to the nervous centres of the whole country on either side of Mason and Dixon's Line. Then, out of the distant indefinite tumult rose a strange personality, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, which yet most men in the East had no clear sense of or could well distinguish from other figures which seemed of equal significance and importance.

This figure was John Brown, but no one fitly sized it till suddenly, after fading almost mystically from Kansas, it suddenly flashed out, gigantic, colossal, and filled the sky at Harper's Ferry. Some thought it a myth, some a joke, some a miracle; but as it resolved itself into a reality and began to reveal itself in its full material absurdity, its spiritual magnificence, every detail of the man's personality lent it an increasing impressiveness, an increasing persuasiveness. It seemed then as if the thing Brown had attempted were feasible and practicable, and very doubtful means consecrated the end and hallowed it. It appeared through the constantly repeated and often unauthorized interrogations of the wounded prisoner that his simple plan was to rouse the slaves to an attempt at escape from bondage and to arm them for defence and resistance and so render slavery through the whole South anxious and insecure until it must involuntarily abolish itself. He intended no such thing as a servile insurrection in the sense which the South had always dreaded, and from which it was really always so safe through the ignorance and the fear of the slaves. He said what he had meant, at first with something of the shuffling by which he had hid his complicity in the Pottawatomie murders, but with increasing distinctness till he convinced of his truth those who wished most to believe in his falsehood.

If the witnesses of the struggle in distant Kansas had thrilled and shuddered, now they were possessed with little less than delirium by the preposterous, the terrible event at Harper's Ferry. To the readers of this generation Mr. Villard's book will give a clear and just idea of the situation; to the readers of that generation it will seem ablaze with the fires that raged in every breast. Only, in its unvarying and admirable justice it will be to the Southern survivor his fire as to the Northern survivor it will be his

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fire. I do not think one could praise it too much for its frankness and impartiality, though it would be easier for the partisan of Brown to praise it more if it had been less frank and less impartial. Yet I think such a partisan, if he will look carefully and calmly at the result, will own that this impartiality, which sometimes seems grudging, is the medium through which Brown appears grandest and finest. His perfect behavior after the failure of his attempt up to the very moment of his death has confused history a little as to the real nature of his attempt; something of the uncertainty of his means has involved the character of the fact. But this nature and this character can be made clear to the present generation of Mr. Villard's readers if we will suppose Brown to be now living amidst the actual conditions.

There is a large and largely increasing number of conscientious Americans who regard the prevalent system of capitalism with the abhorrence that Brown felt for the system of Southern slavery. They regard it as industrial slavery, and it seems to them as abominably unjustifiable as chattel slavery seemed to him. To their minds, nothing can be said in defence of it, and tacitly or explicitly their souls are vowed to its destruction. Tacitly or explicitly, they accuse it of all the economic misery of the world, of all the forms of poverty and depravity. It is not necessary to determine whether they are right or wrong in their view of capitalism; it is sufficient that they hold it and that the system is conscious of its insecurity for this reason. If, then, we imagine one of these men, these Americans, so far out of date as to be imbued with the Puritanic spirit of John Brown, and vowed explicitly to the destruction of capitalism by any and every means, and ready to act against it at the first opportunity, we shall have some notion of the John Brown of fifty years ago in his enmity to slavery. To him slavery meant the slaveholder, as to the John Brown of to-day capitalism means the capitalist. Then he could not conceive of a slaveholder as a good man, as now he could not conceive of a capitalist as a good man, though we all know that there were once many slaveholders who would gladly have been rid of slavery, and there are now many capitalists who are not at rest in capitalism; or who, at least, seem anxious to get rid of the money made by it, as many slaveholders seem to have been anxious to get rid of their slaves.

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But supposing our latter-day John Brown to have taken part in those conflicts against capitalism which we constantly witness in the strikes of one form of labor or another, and to have seen violence prevail in certain of those conflicts, and capitalism forced to yield at this point or that, we have him of a mood to go, say, to Pittsburg, as the John Brown of fifty years ago went to Harper's Ferry. In his raid upon that capitalistic centre he could hardly have formed plans more vague and provisional than the old John Brown had formed in his raid upon Virginia. It would not matter whether he lurked in the uplands of the vicinity with a small band of devoted followers and a store of pikes for arming the revolting proletariat; it would not matter whether he kidnapped a few millionaires until he could perfect some scheme for reaching the heart of capitalism and at least striking a mortal terror into it. What would matter for the sake of our parallel would be that he should have had such a Puritanic conscience that he would be willing to die for the cause he was vowed to, and that he should be as ready to spill the blood of others as his own blood.

Does any one believe that if his band were taken with arms in their hands, and the captive millionaires in their keeping, they would have had as dispassionate and even scrupulous a trial as the Virginians gave John Brown and his men? The Chicago anarchists might answer this if they were alive to speak. Seven of them were tried together and in a lump sentenced to die for a crime perpetrated by a man never yet identified. All but one of them was absent from the scene and several were miles away. The only one present when the deadly bomb was thrown by the still unknown assassin was there with his wife and children at a meeting which the police were dispersing. He with three or four others was put to death on evidence purely circumstantial, and his fellow conspirators were sent to prison for life or long years. Such was the fate of men who meditated or intended the beginning of the end of the order called capitalism. Surely, in view of the facts, it is time for us who once believed that John Brown and his comrades were unjustly hurried to their death to recognize the different behavior of the order called slavery when it was assailed under circumstances of incomparably greater violence. These men were taken with arms in their hands after they had shed the blood of peaceful people about them, and

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while they held in captivity the unarmed neighbors whom they had surprised by night in their homes and carried with them for their own greater security. They had possessed themselves of Government property, and they were making a Government arsenal their fortress against United States troops and the astonished and outraged citizens of the little town and the country round about it.

The Virginian authorities behaved with ridiculous pomp and circumstance enough; they were astounded and bewildered too, and we young journalists at the safe distance of Ohio and elsewhere found them immensely amusing. We had our fun out of the whole affair, which indeed appeared of a wildly exaggerated impossibility. But now, after a lapse of fifty years and our witness of the equally ludicrous spectacle of Chicago frighted from her propriety by the Haymarket incident, we ought to acknowledge, we young journalists and all the others who survive in the youth of the John Brown time, that in the retrospect the Virginians seem to have behaved well. Of course it was inevitable that they should put John Brown and his men to death; that was a foregone conclusion to which all the facts of the case tended. But the accused were allowed to sever; they were not tried and sentenced in a lump; they were given able counsel by the State and volunteer attorneys from the North were allowed to act for them. They were all treated by the court with respect, and as time went on Brown was treated with something like reverence.

His whole attitude was one to inspire reverence. After those first moments of something like shuffling away from the curiosity of the eagles who gathered rather like geese where his bleeding carcase was in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, and he could pull himself together and look his inevitable fate in the face, he confronted it without flinching and with absolute truth. From his perfect courage he discouraged in others every hope of his escape. He realized and he said, with his homely sublimity, that he was worth more to hang than anything else, and while he did not seek the scaffold he did nothing to shun it. At last he was fulfilling his vow; he was doing his utmost against slavery. He was dealing it from his bonds and prison the deadliest blow it remained for him to deliver and a far deadlier blow than any freest agency could give. Once before, by a deed which all his friends and lovers must deplore, he flung the forces of

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liberty and slavery in conflict together, and now again his prophet soul divined that in giving his own life he was doing infinitely more than he did in taking the lives of others. Then he planned the collision of a few scattered foes in the empty West; now from the oldest and densest populations of the continent his mighty arms were to draw the factors of a struggle unmatched in history and embattle them against one another in a war of principles: not alone the principles of liberty and slavery, but also the principles of provinciality and nationality; and his wild deed was to evoke from the elemental materials of our life the being of the mightiest republic under the sun. Nothing of all this in its ultimation, its definition, did he forecast; he only knew, he only felt that his destructiveness had been created in him; and that out of his lifelong enmity to slavery, concentrated and precipitated in a single blow, wandering and misdirected, had come the end of slavery.

In his fine last chapter, which he aptly calls "Yet shall he live," Mr. Villard has risen to the occasion with an adequacy not always to have been predicated of him. Here he has drawn together the threads of his logic, which is the logic of events, in the high conclusion that Brown triumphed in what he suffered rather than in what he did. Here again he enforces the divine truth that if without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, it is by the shedding of one's own blood and not by the shedding of others' blood. It is self-sacrifice which makes the sinner over from a hero into a martyr. Not by smiting off the ear of the high priest's servant in his wrath at Jerusalem, but by dying for his faith at Rome, did Peter become the Rock on which Christ founded His church. The lesson of all wars is peace: when will the nations learn it? The lesson of the holiest war, if ever carnage can be hallowed, is no other than that of the wickedest war. John Brown was ready all his life to die for freedom; the great pity and the great sin was that he was ready to make others die for it: against it preferably, but in defence of it if need be. He lived in a dreadful time, a time when it seemed that there would never be an end of buying and selling men and women and little children, of scourging them to unpaid tasks, and of chasing them with bloodhounds when they tried to escape from their hell. He lived when the soul of the North had been insulted by the Fugitive Slave Law, and men were forbidden,

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under heavy pains, to feed or shelter the wretch fleeing from bondage. He lived when the South broke its sacred promise to respect a Northern limit of slavery and used the whole strength of the Government to desecrate free territory with human bondage. It is now an almost incredible time, and what wonder if in such a time it should be incredible that there were any good men trammelled in slaveholding or that slaveholders were not all alike willing and wicked and equally worthy of death through the aggressions of slavery? John Brown belonged to that time, but he belonged also by his iron faith to an earlier time, and he believed in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, as Cromwell did, and far more is the pity, as Milton did. This life of him makes us realize his error while we realize the sublimity of his death and own him, if no saint, always a hero and martyr.

W. D. Howells.

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AN ABORTIVE HERO

BY HENRY WATTERSON

I

THE latter-day attempt to idealize the character and to deify the memory of "Old John Brown," as in his day and generation he was called, sporadic and occasional hitherto from time to time, gains a kind of concert by the "Fifty Years After" of Oswald Garrison Villard and the eulogy pronounced as a prefix to his New Nationalism by Theodore Roosevelt at Osawatomie.

Close upon the time when John Brown was being hanged Theodore Roosevelt was being born. Mr. Villard came into the world many years after. Neither, therefore, had contemporary knowledge of the man and the events they now deal with. Each looks backward through the haze of time and the smoke of battle—taking much for granted and seeing through a glass darkly—to reach a conclusion singularly at variance with the facts of history and the spirit equally of true patriotism and vital Christianity; because their hero was a robber and a murderer, for whose deeds of blood and terror insanity is the only defence that can be reasonably set up.

John Brown had no more to do with inspiring or hastening the War of Sections than Hicks, the Pirate, the next most celebrated malefactor of those times. He was a Border Ruffian pure and simple. Quantrell, who came later along, was hardly worse. The chief difference between John Brown and Jesse James, who also came later along, and had a following and found defenders not belonging to the criminal classes, lay in the single circumstance that Jesse James rifled banks and held up railway trains for the sake

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of "gainful pillage," from the lust for excitement and the love of adventure, whilst John Brown professed to obey a call from God and to serve the cause of freedom and humanity, each being, as Grady said of Sherman, "careless with fire," both indiscriminate and reckless of life and property.

That a young enthusiast like Oswald Garrison Villard, the scion of a revolutionary German house on the one side and the grandson of William Lloyd Garrison on the other, inheriting his inspiration and perhaps filled with the idea of a mission, should seek to beatify a character like that of John Brown, is not unnatural. Though regrettable, it is forgivable. But that an ex-President of the United States, sprung on the maternal side from the women and children whom the crazy old fanatic had marked for slaughter, should come to the front to proclaim him a "representative of the men who bore aloft the banner of the Union," in the great Sectional War, to whom "a great debt is owed," at once "an embodiment of his generation" and an apotheosis of "fierce fidelity to high ideals," furnishes another example of, may I not say without offence, his impulsive rhetoric and disregard of the restraints of historic fidelity and proportion, a common fault with polemists who have acquired the habit of partisan writing and speaking.

It seems to me not unfitting, nor untimely, that some one who "grew up with the case," who had intimate and concurrent knowledge of the people and the facts, and who, representing the Southern side, yet was exceeded by nobody in his detestation of Slavery and all its works and ways, should undertake to challenge a movement to pervert history in the interest of zealotry; to set up and promulgate a false standard of Nationalism; to widen Sectional misunderstanding and increase Sectional prejudice, which had never any rational basis for their existence, but—though they brought untoward havoc—were the accretions of gigantic error on both sides. If the future is to learn anything of the past, and to profit by experience, the people of the North and South must come mutually to comprehend and to concede that each was partly right and partly wrong, that each would have done as the other did had their situations been reversed, and that, except for the obtrusion first of commercial and then of political interests—confused on one side by a passionate overflow of human sympathy and

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on the other side by stubborn resistance to aggression and invasion—the Union might have been preserved and slavery extinguished without a resort to arms.

II

The invention of the cotton-gin, a contrivance of New England origin, did more to fasten the grip of Slavery upon the Gulf States of the American Union than all other agencies. It was the beginning of the delusion that "Cotton is King," which, with its twin error, that "slave labor is indispensable to the profitable cultivation of cotton," laid the foundations for the Southern Confederacy. "When munny cums in at the dore," the good Billings tells us, "morality flys out ov the winder."

The reader of history needs not to be told that opposition to the institution of African slavery was in the beginning more pronounced at the South than at the North. "The North was not so much excited against it as the South," said Webster in his famous 7th of March speech, referring to the formative period between the close of the War of the Revolution and the installation of the Government under the Constitution, "for the reason that there was much less of it at the North, and the people did not see, or think they saw, the evils so prominently as they were seen, or thought to be seen, at the South."

By 1850 the Slavery and Anti-Slavery discussions had risen on either side to a very high pitch of intolerance. The prophetic reach of William Ellery Channing, expressed in a letter under date of the 14th of May, 1828, had been verified. "My fear is," wrote the great Unitarian, "in regard to our efforts against Slavery, that we shall make the case worse by arousing sectional pride and passion for its support, and that we shall only break the country into two great parties, which may shake the foundations of government."

Thirty years of controversy, laid on the one hand in benevolence that cost nothing and on the other hand in undisputed property rights—of controversy which increased in bitterness as it passed beyond the limit of religion and humanity into the domain of political agitation—the trend of modern thought all one way—the pride of birthright and the sense of wrongful invasion, none the less resentful and

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resistant—had at last come in 1860 to a parting of the ways. Yet it was not Slavery which either side confessed as the real issue of the War of Sections. Lincoln knew very well that an army could never be mustered on anti-slavery lines. The leaders of the Confederacy, for all their preachments of "peaceful secession," knew very well that "blood must be sprinkled in the faces of the people" to draw the Border States after the Gulf States and to save the disunion cause and movement from death by inanition.

So little actual progress had been made by Abolitionism that, outside of New England, it could boast no considerable following. Seward and Lincoln alike disavowed any purpose to interfere with Slavery where it existed. The Republican party was prompt to repudiate the John Brown raid. "Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon," said Lincoln, "and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry were in their philosophy precisely the same."

Let me repeat, therefore, and urge with proper emphasis, that the notion that the Abolition raider "fired the Northern heart," or quickened the Sectional conflict a day or an hour, is a belated and distorted creation of the very partisan or the uninformed. To many it is the merest echo of a song which owed more to its rhythmic music than its expression of sentiment, for thousands sang it and marched to it who would have quit the ranks if assured that the War for the Union was an Abolition War. Nothing is surer than that, if John Brown had never lived, if Brooks had never made the attack on Sumner, if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had never been written, the geographic conditions which had built up two opposing systems at once of doing and thinking would in the end have severed the Union. They were sown by God and Nature alike in the soil and climate of the North and the South. They were provided for by the failure of the framers of the Constitution to fix the exact relation of the several States to the Federal Government. Agitation did undoubtedly inflame the Sectional friction. The separation might have come about with less of sacrifice. But they were right who declared that there was "an irrepressible conflict between free labor and slave labor." With the warring elements such as they were, the split was bound to come. John Brown had nothing to do with it.

Outside a group of New England Abolitionists, most of whom at the critical moment denied their agent, the Har-

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per's Ferry foray was regarded as a bloody invocation to the passions of the ignorant and semi-barbarous blacks to rise by night and without discrimination to slay the whites. If it had succeeded, this would have been the result. That there was any large contemporary sentiment behind it is an afterthought. It is the afterthought of a clump of inconsiderate but would-be sharers in a dramatic episode which has lost some of its horror and seems to have gained somewhat of glory through the untoward events that followed. Yet, stripped of surplusage and reduced to the simple facts, no episode of history is more indefensible, for it can only be classed in wanton and barbaric conception with the Murder of the Innocents and St. Bartholomew's Massacre.

III

In order to make a hero of John Brown, we must blind our eyes and minds and hearts to everything except the closing scenes at Harper's Ferry and accept these as complete atonement for a life of cruelty and wrong. Referring to an observation of Dr. James Ford Rhodes that "a century may perchance pass before an historical estimate acceptable to all lovers of liberty and justice can be made of John Brown," John T. Morse, Jr., a New-Englander of the highest standing, ventures the present judgment that "for Brown's apotheosis much must be forgotten and even more must be forgiven. Upon the platform of the gallows he still stood responsible for Pottawatomie. Up to the time when he was taken prisoner one must have the temperament of an enthusiast to admire him."

Mr. Villard is one kind of enthusiast. Mr. Roosevelt is another. Yet both in differing ways repeat the rhapsody of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the friend and comrade and biographer of John Brown, who is old enough now to know better: "From the crucifixion at Jerusalem a light sprang forth that was reflected back without obstruction from the ugly gallows of Virginia—John Brown took up his cross and followed the Lord, and it was enough for this servant that he was as his Master." Taking such a profanation for his cue, Mr. Roosevelt has the temerity to say:

"John Brown stands now as representing the men and the generation who rendered the greatest service ever rendered this country. He stood for heroic valor, grim energy, fierce fidelity to high ideals. A great debt

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is owed to John Brown because he is one of the most striking figures in the mighty struggle which was to keep us forever a free and united nation, which was to secure the continuance of the most tremendous democratic experiment ever tried. He did much in his life and more in his death; he embodied the inspiration of the men of his generation. . . . John Brown's work was brought to completion by the men who bore aloft the banner of the Union during the four terrible years which intervened between Sumter and Appomattox."

Mr. Villard is somewhat more guarded. But contradicting Dr. Rhodes's aphorism and not waiting the hundred years to pass, he is quite as decided in his apotheosis as Mr. Roosevelt. Here is his " last word ":

" Not often in history is there recorded such a rise to spiritual greatness of one whose hands were so stained with blood, whose judgment was ever so faulty, whose public career was so brief. John Brown is and must remain a great and lasting figure in American history. Not, however, because he strove to undo one wrong by committing another; not because he took human lives in a vain effort to end the sacrifice of other lives and souls entailed by slavery. Judged by the ordinary legal and moral standards, John Brown's life was forfeit after Harper's Ferry. The methods by which he essayed to achieve reforms are never to be justified until two wrongs make a right. It was the weapon of the spirit by which he finally conquered. In its power lies not only the secret of his influence and his immortality, but the finest ethical teachings of a life, which, for all its faults, inculcates many an enduring lesson and will forever make its appeal to the imagination. . . . And so, wherever there is battling against injustice and oppression, the Charlestown gallows that became a cross will help men to live and die. The story of John Brown will ever confront the spirit of despotism, when men are struggling to throw off the shackles of social or political or physical slavery. His own country, while admitting his mistakes without undue palliation or excuse, will forever acknowledge the divine that was in him by the side of what was human and faulty and blind and wrong. It will cherish the memory of the prisoner of Charlestown in 1859 as at once a sacred, a solemn and an inspiring American heritage."

This of a man of whom Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., nowise a prejudiced judge, following though abridging Mr. Villard's full and fair record, recalls that " he with four of his sons and three other persons, enticed at night five unarmed pro-slavery men from their homes and hacked them to death with cutlasses. Brown led the band, commanded the killing, but himself probably did none of it." . . . " Even in the Kansas of 1856 and among Free-State men," Mr. Morse continues, " such a slaughter was received with horror; and to-day there is no price which would not be

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gladly paid by Brown's admirers if thereby the foul deed could be blotted forever from the memories of men. It has, therefore, always been matter of special interest to know what each successive biographer would say of this—may not some one, some day, arise to excuse it? Unfortunately there is more in the case than even the brutal killing. There is the shock of seeing Brown, with that stern paternal authority for which he was noted, bid his sons do the hideous slashing. Moreover, though there was little chivalry mingled with Kansas courage, the odium of cowardliness clings about the deed. For further humiliation Brown always alleged that he had not raised his hand against any man that night. Reports of his phraseology indicate that his words were carefully chosen to be true in the letter and false in the spirit, and certainly they long deceived his Eastern friends into a belief that the blood-stain was not upon him. It would have been better if he had himself struck down his victims; better if he had then availed himself of the ordinary privilege of a criminal to give a simple conventional denial, instead of sneaking behind a quibbling equivocation."

John Brown, according to all his biographers, was a ne'er-do-weel. He came of good Connecticut stock and did not lack for industry and enterprise. But they brought not grist to his mill. He was as a rolling stone that gathers no moss. The spirit of unrest ruled him. He was all things by turns and nothing long; farmer and sheep-raiser; cattle-dealer and land-surveyor; all-around merchant and speculator in real estate; now in Ohio and now in Pennsylvania, and now in the Adirondacks; finally in Kansas, levying predatory war.

It is characteristic of a writer sprung from such sources and come into the world as late as 1872 that Mr. Villard should say of such a man: "His destiny eventually resulted in the rousing of a nation to its smallest hamlet and beyond doubt precipitated the bloody Civil War which others beside John Brown clearly foresaw." Perusing the pages that follow, with the constant need of explanation and apology for their hero, it does not appear that John Brown saw anything very clearly or did anything very surely. Like the lunatic who pursues a false premise with logical precision and energy to set fire to a tenement, he raised a great commotion. But to say of this that it occasioned a subse-

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quent conflagration is not only to magnify its importance beyond reason, but to misstate history. It is, indeed, purely fictional.

IV

In the foregoing I have sought briefly to sketch the case against John Brown with the purpose less of discussing the attitude of the ex-President and the grandson of William Lloyd Garrison toward their hero than of showing the fallacies of religion and patriotism underlying that attitude.

It is, to begin with, replete with inconsistency. "Judged by the ordinary legal and moral standards," says Mr. Villard, "John Brown's life was forfeit after Harper's Ferry." Was it not equally forfeit after Pottawatomie? And why should not John Brown be judged by the ordinary legal and moral standards? "It was the weapon of the spirit by which he finally conquered," says Mr. Villard; and then we are told that in the power of this figment of Mr. Villard's fancy "lies not only the secret of his influence and his immortality, but the finest ethical teachings of a life, which, for all its faults, inculcates many an enduring lesson."

I confess that I am unable to divine what ethical teaching and enduring lessons are to be deduced from rapine and murder, though perpetrated in the name of freedom, or understand why a hideous marauder should be glorified because the men who compelled him to pay in full the just measure of his crimes chanced to be slaveholders, or see wherein a relentless and cruel follower of the bloody instruction of the Old Testament in any wise resembled our blessed Lord the gentle Nazarene of the New.

The custodians of the law in the Old Dominion proceeded as the custodians of the law in the Old Bay State would have proceeded under the like circumstances. Nothing happened at Harper's Ferry which might not have happened at Dobbs's Ferry, or at Oyster Bay, succeeding such an invasion. The Virginians, though slaveholders, were American citizens. They were law-abiding American citizens. The institution of African Slavery, however illogical and indefensible, was woven into the national fabric by the act of the North no less than the South, and held and protected there by the Constitution and the laws of the land. As to the blacks, slavery was not an unmitigated evil. After five-

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and-forty years of freedom the great body of them are unable to measure up to the higher standards of citizenship, or to stand alone and move forward without the sympathy and aid of the whites of the South, being regarded for the most part as " undesirable citizens " by the whites of the North.

In lieu of slavery, after all our sacrifices, we have a perplexing and unsolved racial problem. Idealists, like Mr. Villard, enthusiasts, like Mr. Roosevelt, strong in self-confidence and impatient of delay, seem to think that the world may be regenerated by some sort of philanthropic hocus-pocus and all at once, quite forgetting that reforms no more sail upon quicksilver than that revolutions are made of rose-water; those remedial measures that stick and stay, the offsprings of the slow process of education and evolution.

In public affairs, as in amatory affairs, it is well to be off with the old love before we are on with the new; that is, all government being more or less experimental, we should not undervalue stability nor be quick to quarrel with things existent, nor seek to change the established order, until we are sure of the shelter above us and the footing beneath. Nothing comes so easy to the political visionary and the ready writer as paper dreams of Utopia and " extra editions " that herald the approach of the millennium. If the archangels of Abolition were living now they would, I dare say, find as much to stir them in the prevailing state of the negro as they found fifty years ago, though he has made and is making excellent progress under the ministrations of the wise and good Booker Washington, supported by the best intelligence of the people of the South.

V

I reached Harper's Ferry about noon on Wednesday, the 18th of October, 1859, following the descent of the preceding Sunday night and Monday morning. I found there a good deal of suppressed feeling; not any tumult, or noise, or confusion. There had assembled quite a little army of us, newspaper reporters from the adjacent cities, but chiefly from Washington, whence the regular correspondents of the leading newspapers proceeded to the scene of what seemed a catastrophe, news of which fell upon the capital and the country like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky.

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I saw and talked with John Brown. I was as much opposed to human slavery, as earnest a devotee of human freedom, as he was, and, therefore, I had no personal aversion to overcome. The horror I might have felt was deadened by the dramatic intensity of the moment. Colonel Lee was still there. Lieutenant Stuart, afterward the famous Confederate cavalry general, was my near friend and from his lips I learned all the details of what had happened. He uttered not a word of bitterness or reproach. "The old man is crazy," said he.

Six years later, at Nashville in October, 1865, Colonel Champ Ferguson, who, though he had surrendered like the rest of us, had been tried and convicted by a Military Court, was about to be hanged. No one of my comrades upon the newspaper which three of us had revived and were trying to set going, was willing to report the execution. At the last moment I took a carriage and drove out to the State Prison. When I entered his cell, Ferguson recognized me, said he was glad I had come and hoped I would stay with him to the end. This I did. Colonel (later along, in the Spanish war, General) Shafter was in charge of the proceedings.

Champ Ferguson was perhaps five-and-fifty years of age. He was clean-shaven and wore a suit of new homespun jeans cloth. He looked like a respectable and prosperous farmer. His family, poor mountain folk, quite heartbroken, were about him. It was pitiable and ghastly. I walked beside him through the long corridor to the prison yard and stood with him and Colonel Shafter whilst the latter read the dreadful counts in the bill of conviction—the verdict of the military tribunal—relating more than a hundred atrocious murders. Champ was the only unmoved person in the group upon and around the scaffold. Self-possession, quiet dignity, could go no further in the assertion and exhibition of courageous manhood. Colonel Shafter was visibly moved. Now and again, as he read the dire recital, Ferguson would nod his head in acquiescence. When he had concluded Colonel Shafter said: "Colonel Ferguson, you have heard the indictment of the law and you know its verdict. Have you anything to say why it should not be executed?"

With a firm, calm voice—a quiet, modulated, uncomplaining voice — Ferguson answered: "There are numbers of

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things in the paper you have read, Colonel Shafter, that I never heard of."

"But," said Colonel Shafter, "you have assented to thirty-two of these counts, Colonel Ferguson."

With deliberation Champ answered: "I don't mean to deny anything I have ever done, Colonel Shafter, and I am ready, sir."

The cap was then adjusted and in a few seconds he was dead. Nothing which Mr. Villard relates of the last days and the death of John Brown reads so pathetically, or is more compelling, than these last hours of Champ Ferguson. Some four years covered the career of each. They were years of ruthless bloodshed; not darker in the one case than in the other. Of the two—there being but six years between them, I could and did consider them together—Champ Ferguson, in simple dignity and perfect tranquillity, made rather the finer figure. He appeared less insane than John Brown. That both were of unsound mind I have never doubted; but it would be just as easy for me to make a hero of Champ Ferguson, to find palliation for his deeds of atrocity and atonement in the circumstances of his final exit, as it has been for Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Villard to do in the case of John Brown.

Recurring to the century which Dr. Rhodes gives the world for reaching a just conclusion as to John Brown, I take leave to believe his place in history will be fixed long before its expiration as that of a brutal fanatic, possessed by the homicidal mania; nor that historians will further concern themselves about his follies and crimes.

There was nothing about him to stir the affection of those who knew him, or to invest his memory with popular interest.

Touching Robin Hood, who was doubtless an unseemly neighbor and an unwelcome visitor to the good folk about Nottingham, nothing shameful, nor bloody-minded has come down to us—on the contrary, much of prowess and humor—so that the very greeneries of Sherwood Forest exude a fragrance all their own. Old England long rejoiced and still rejoices in the merry legend. Even in the case of Goetz von Berlichingen we have in Rhenish heights and Baronial castles a *mise en scène* which lends a certain glamour to a story rather valorous than repulsive, appealing to much that yet remains in the German heart. But Brown; old John

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Brown of Osawatomie; the assassin of Pottawatomie, the death-dealing invader of Harper's Ferry; not a gleam of human love, or pity for myriads of his own race, his countrymen who happened to have been born and to have lived south of the line of Mason and Dixon—not an act of magnanimity to his credit—who shall make a national hero of him except upon the premise that there are still, and will remain forever, irreconcilable differences of life and character separating the inhabitants of the Northern and Southern sections of the Union—that we are in point of fact a different people—whereas all that has happened, all that we know of one another, brings conclusive proof that throughout the ages and the universe we are the most homogeneous body of men and women occupying, or who ever occupied, territory so vast and widely diversified.

HENRY WATTERSON.

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THE MUSIC OF LOEFFLER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is probably not realized by most music-lovers that, of the four or five living composers whose productions are indisputably important, one is a resident of the United States —a circumstance, it will perhaps be conceded, of more consequence to the future of musical art in this country than the fact that the composer who is meant was born, not in America, but in Alsace.

The ordinary composer, the composer as a type, is avid of publicity. It is the breath of his nostrils: without it, advancement, prosperity, success, are to him well-nigh inconceivable. He would dismiss as meaningless and absurd the lines of the poets of "Vagabondia":

> "Success is in the silences,
> Though fame be in the song."

Charles Martin Loeffler is a composer who is egregiously false to type. His indifference to publicity, to the promotion of his reputation, is extravagant. Whether his music be known or unknown, liked or misliked, praised or disparaged, is, to him, apparently a matter of very little moment. He has been slow to complete, reluctant to publish. The earliest of the pieces which he has seen fit to retain in the list of his works date back almost a quarter of a century; yet there are to-day less than half a hundred compositions which he cares to acknowledge; he has discarded almost as much as he has retained. And, as I have said, he has been loath to yield his manuscripts to the engraver. Of the forty-odd separate compositions which to-day represent his avowed production only one-half have as yet been published.

Thus it is almost in despite of himself that Loeffler has achieved the celebrity that is his. It is celebrity of an enviable kind, for he is known chiefly among those who

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relish the finest and rarest that is done or attempted in the musical art of our time. In other words, he is most truly valued by epicures and connoisseurs; and that, assuredly, is a desirable and fortunate relation to bear to one's contemporary public.

Loeffler, though he was born at Mühlhausen, Alsace, in 1861, has lived and labored in America for thirty years as composer and violinist. His training as a music-maker was cosmopolitan; he studied his art in Berlin and in Paris, but his temperamental and intellectual sympathies have drawn him persistently toward France. Indeed, he might at one period of his career have been taken by the casual observer for a Frenchman *pur sang*. Almost all of the music which he composed between the years 1895 and 1901 was suggested by French texts; and in his "Quatre Mélodies," one of the works of that period, even the dedications are in French. His prepossessions are to-day less inalienably Gallic; but he still remains essentially a cosmopolite, though I believe he has been for some time a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Not long after he came to America, as a youth just entering his twenties, he joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as one of the violins, and he served for many years as second concert-master in that illustrious organization. He retired from the orchestra in 1903; and now, on his farm near Medfield, Massachusetts, devotes himself for the most part to composition.

His works include orchestral and choral pieces, chamber music and songs. Though his knowledge of the resources of the piano is comprehensive, and though he writes for it with extraordinary skill in conjunction with the voice and with other instruments, he has contributed nothing to its solo répertoire; nor has he as yet put forth anything in the field of dramatic music. For orchestra he has composed four tone-poems: "La Mort de Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck), "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine), "La Villanelle du Diable" (after Maurice Rollinat), and "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil). His chamber music includes a quintet in one movement for three violins, viola and 'cello; an octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, two clarinets and harp; two rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano; and a sextet in one movement for two violins, two violas, two 'cellos, entitled "Le Passeur d'Eau." His songs com-

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prise " Quatre Poëmes," for voice, viola and piano: " La Cloche Fêlée " (Baudelaire), " Dansons la Gigue!" " Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois," " Sérénade " (Verlaine); " Quatre Mélodies ": " Timbres Oubliés," " Adieu pour Jamais," " Les Soirs d'Automne," " Les Paons " (all to words by Gustave Kahn); " Four Poems ": " Sudden Light " (Rossetti), " Sonnet " (George Cabot Lodge), " A Dream within a Dream," " To Helen " (Poe); " The Wind among the Reeds ": " The Hosting of the Sidhe," " The Host of the Air " (both to words by W. B. Yeats); " Le Flambeau Vivant " (Baudelaire); " Vereinsamt " (Nietzsche); " Der Kehraus " (Eichendorf); " Ton Souvenir est comme un livre bien aimé " (Albert Samain); and settings, as yet untitled, of two poems from Vol. I of Gustave Kahn's " Poésies." " By the Rivers of Babylon " is a setting of portions of the 126th and 137th Psalms for women's chorus, organ, harp, two flutes and 'cello; " L'Archet," text by Cros, is a ballad for mezzo-soprano, female chorus, piano and viola; there is an eight-part chorus for mixed vioces *a cappella,* " For One Who Fell in Battle," to words by T. W. Parsons; and there is a setting of " The Sermon on the Mount " for chorus, organ and strings. In addition to these, there are a number of works of early date which do not now satisfy the composer and which he does not intend to publish. Among these are a string quartet in A minor, a " Divertimento " in the same key for violin and orchestra, a " Fantastic Concerto " for 'cello and orchestra, a suite, " Les Veillées de l'Ukraine " (after Gogol), for orchestra and violin, a " Divertissement Espagnol " for orchestra and saxophone, a " Ballade Carnavalesque " for piano, flute, oboe, saxophone and bassoon, a setting for voice and piano of Baudelaire's " Harmonie du Soir," and a string sextet in three movements, the middle one of which, revised, is the " Passeur d'Eau " referred to above.*

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* Although virtually all of these works have been performed, only one-half of them, as I have already observed, have been committed by their meticulous author to the printed page. In 1903 the " Quatre Mélodies " were published as opus 10. The " Quatre Poëmes " (opus 5) followed in 1904. To the following year belong the rhapsodies for oboe, viola, and piano (without opus number), " La Mort de Tintagiles " (opus 6), and " La Villanelle du Diable " (opus 9). The " Four Poems " (opus 15) were issued in 1906, " By the Rivers of Babylon " (opus 3) in 1907, " The Wind among the Reeds " (without opus number) in 1908, and " A Pagan Poem " (opus 14) in 1909. That, up to the present time, is the whole of his published output.

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Loeffler's artistic *terrain* is not easily defined with exactitude. The literary inclinations of a modern composer are usually a trustworthy guide to his temperament, to the color of his thought, to his *principia.* But Loeffler's tastes range over a somewhat perplexingly wide and diversified territory. He has been moved to musical utterance by Poe and by Virgil, by Maeterlinck and by Nietzsche; he apprehends Baudelaire, Rollinat, Rossetti, Verlaine; he is an inquisitive delver in the literature and philosophy of alien peoples and forgotten civilizations; his intellectual curiosity is insatiable. Yet, on the whole, he has been most strongly disposed toward the literary *révoltés,* the mystics and visionaries, of our own time; he has manifested a natural kinship of thought and feeling with Verlaine, with Baudelaire, with Rollinat, with Gustave Kahn, with Maeterlinck, with Poe. He is far from being a mere recrudescent Romanticist. He has a love for the *macabre,* the fantastically sinister and tragical; but he indulges it in a manner wholly free from the excess and the attitudinizing that are an unmistakable index of the survival of the Romanticistic impulse. His sincerity and his instinct for proportion are constant and unfailing. He can set to music the poignant and terrible " Cloche Fêlée " of Baudelaire, and the music is a perfect reflex of the poem; yet it is impossible not to feel that it was written by one whose soul is very different from the soul of Baudelaire as exposed to us by Mr. James Huneker: a soul " patiently built up as a fabulous bird might build its nest—cascades of black stars, rags, leaves, rotten wood, corroding dreams, a spray of roses, arabesques of incense and verdigris. . . ." Even when Loeffler is most eloquently sinister, most disquietingly baleful, a rare tact, an unerring sense of measure and balance, a prophylactic humor, save him from extravagance and turgidity. His music permits us to ascribe to him a soul which could approximate the soul of Baudelaire at only a few points. He is capable of making us dream of black stars, and at times there is gall and wormwood in his music; but there is no decay and no squalor in it. With all his passion for the bizarre and the umbrageous and the grotesque, we are never in doubt as to the essential dignity, the essential purity and nobility of his spirit: he is one of the *âmes bien nées.*

Au fond he is a mystic, a dreamer, a visionary. A mystic: for Loeffler has the mystic's bias toward that which tran-

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scends the immediate and the tangible phases of experience, his serene conviction of the reality of the extra-sensational. His imagination ranges most freely and familiarly in that psychic borderland where the emotions become indescribably rarefied and subtly heightened — where they become more the echo and reverberation of emotions than emotions themselves, yet gain rather than lose in intensity by the process of alembication. He is of the order of mystics whose thought, while it has the penetrative power of all mystical thought, is saturated with a quality of feeling that springs from an exquisite and supersensitive intuition of the human heart, rather than from sustained spiritual aspiration. That is to say, he is akin to Rossetti and Yeats and Maeterlinck rather than to Crashaw and Blake and Wordsworth.

Necessarily, therefore, he is both a visionary and a dreamer—a visionary whose thought is predominantly sombre and tragical; a dreamer oppressed by

> ". . . the burden of the mystery . . .
> Of all this unintelligible world."

His most characteristic music is that to which he has been moved by the imaginings of Verlaine, Rollinat, Poe, Maeterlinck, Baudelaire, in their autumnal moods, their disconsolate hours. He has seemed to be most congenially employed, as he has been most persistently engaged, in giving musical voice to thoughts of which he is reminded by the darker brooding of these masters of sorrowful speech. He is shaken by the unutterable sadness of human life, by the thought of " the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world ": the *lacrymæ rerum* obsess his imagination, and he speaks his dolor again and again, in accents that are by turns mournful, anguished, despairing and resigned. His music is touched at its core with an ineffable melancholy. It is most typical when it issues from his imagination in slow

> ". . . swallow-flights of song that dip
> Their wings in tears. . . ."

He is at ease, not in Zion, but in the company of those who, grief-haunted and disillusioned, face the human pageant with the despair that cloaks itself in irony and bitterness. He is giving the truest account of his temperament when

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he is translating into music some of the more grievous and sinister imaginings of Rollinat, or some poem by Verlaine or Baudelaire filled with brooding menace and immitigable grief; or in his symphonic poem suggested by that most piteous and terrible of Maeterlinck's plays, "La Mort de Tintagiles"; or, as in one of his latest songs, when he is setting wild and *macabre* verses by Eichendorf. It is true that he has responded to other emotional states. He has derived an orchestral song of rapturous lyric sweetness from the aubade which Verlaine addressed to his betrothed. The music that he wrote for Poe's "To Helen" is of a loveliness that might well fit it to serve as an apostrophe in illustration of the matchless lines of Wordsworth:

> ". . . and beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

His magnificent "Pagan Poem," provoked by the amorous incantation of the sorceress in Virgil's eighth eclogue, is largely and nobly rhapsodic. His *a cappella* chorus, "For One Who Fell in Battle," exhales a spirit of grief that is all transfiguring and uplifted tenderness rather than piercing and inconsolable regret. Latterly he dwelt for a time in Ildathach, the Many-colored Land of the Celtic imagination, bringing forth some music—haunting, fantastic, of insinuating charm — derived from poems by the Irishman Yeats. He has, too, repeatedly given evidence of the fact that the ritual of the Church has exerted a powerful effect upon his imagination. But he returns ever and again to the contemplation of those darker moods of the soul which seem chiefly to stimulate his inspiration, and which compel his distinguishing performances as a music-maker. It is beyond dispute that the general aspect of his art is not eupeptic. He makes us feel as if he had consecrated himself to what Goethe called "the worship of sorrow"; or we seem to hear him repeating the plaint of Sir Thomas Browne that "the whole creation is a mystery . . . a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics"; or we think of Leopardi and his insistence upon the *indegno mistero delle cose;* and at times we hear the very voice of Senancour: "Sensibility which no words can express, charm and torment of our vain years! vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable!" He sounds this note again and again. It

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recurs insistently, a sombre undertone in his music, like the Dies Iræ whose characteristic progressions he introduces so often into the thematic structure of his pieces.

"Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears," said Blake; and since every personal revelation of life through art, so long as it be authentic and communicative, is infinitely precious, there can be no question of the value of such disclosures of temperament and experience as we get from Loeffler at his most typical. Certainly nothing could exceed the sincerity and the affecting eloquence of his art in whatever aspect he chooses to exhibit it; and he is never more sincere or more eloquent than when he gives sorrowful and responsive heed to

"Earth's old and weary cry."

Of the beauty and the importance of his music, *quâ* music, there is now, probably, no denial worth considering. After a quarter-century of curiously deliberate activity, of quiet devotion to what would have seemed to many an impossible ideal of perfection, he is at last coming into his own. He is recognized, among those whose sense of the best is surest, as one of that small group of living composers, to whom I referred at the start, whose deliverances are of prime artistic consequence. He shares with Strauss, with Debussy, with d'Indy, the distinction of pre-eminence over the lesser and varyingly admirable body of contemporary music-makers.

His artistic growth has been marked by eclecticism. His cosmopolitan training, his long years of orchestral service as an executant of other men's ideas, and an inexhaustible curiosity in all æsthetic and intellectual matters, have had their natural influence upon his music. He has absorbed a dozen musical temperaments, has known and betrayed their influence, has exhausted their power of stimulus, and has forgotten them; his own individuality has survived. It is possible to discern in his earlier work the impression made upon his sensitive psychic retina by Bach, by Wagner, by Berlioz, by Liszt, by Brahms; but he has finally wrought a style that is unmistakable and his own. There are pregnant moments, remarkable and original beauties, in his earlier work; but his speech has been wholly personal only in the music which he has produced within the last fifteen years. His "Quatre Poëmes," which were

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composed a decade and a half ago,—though they were not published until 1904,—expose clearly his typical traits. His harmonic and melodic style, the full flavor of his personality, may here be savored for the first time. He has written nothing more completely characteristic than the second and third pages of "La Cloche Fêlée," the third and eighth pages of the "Sérénade" (the setting of the line, "Et ta douceur à me martyriser" is incomparable), the opening page of "Le son du cor," and the setting of

> "Je me souviens, je me souviens,
> Des heures et des entretiens,
> Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens."

It will be perceived by any receptive observer who examines or hears these songs that this is music quite solitary and apart, music which says new things in a peculiarly distinguished way.

His harmony is irrubrical, and it is highly individualized. It does not manifest Strauss's incorrigible audacity of procedure, his Olympian disdain of euphony, and it is free from the wanton and futile cacophony which mars some of that great master's most impressive conceptions. It is less fluid and prismatic than Debussy's, a good deal less acrid than d'Indy's. He uses freely effects derived from the ecclesiastical modes, though their influence upon him has not been so profound and continuous as it has been upon Debussy. His harmonic method is clearly the product of an exceptional feeling for rich and subtle combinations of tone, balanced by an instinctive reticence, a sense of form and balance, for which "classic" is the just word. And the note of his style as a harmonist is unmistakable. Such passages as his setting of "Et ta douceur à me martyriser," in the "Sérénade" (to which I have already referred), the last page of "Les Paons," the final measures of "To Helen," the first six measures, and the last page, of the "Sonnet," and those portions of "La Mort de Tintagiles" in which the viola d'amore participates, could have come from no other hand but Loeffler's.

I have instanced these passages chiefly because of the striking and individual quality of the harmonic idea underlying them. But, notable harmonist though he is, as a melodist Loeffler is still more remarkable. I am aware of no living melodist who combines, in equal measure, these quali-

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ties: on the negative side, a spontaneous avoidance of sentimentalism, triviality, and commonplace; on the positive side, originality of conception, an incorruptible fineness of taste, and the mastery of a style at once broad and subtle, passionate and restrained. They are not possessed in like degree by any one of his contemporaries. Strauss's frequent commonness, d'Indy's limited emotional compass, Fauré's slightness of substance, Reger's aridity, rank them, as melodists, definitely below Loeffler, while Saint-Saëns and Goldmark, Mahler and Sibelius, Elgar and Rachmaninoff, are his inferiors at almost every point. As for Debussy, he is indeed an exquisite melodist, a creator of melodic thoughts that are incomparably lovely and of an unexampled rarity, thoughts that are as

"dreams of the wavering images of dreams."

But Debussy has not Loeffler's blend of subtlety and power, of largeness and intensity. He has written nothing so broad and fervent, so passionate and full-throated, as the superb theme in A flat which is heard from the violins in the *poco piu mosso* section near the beginning of the "Pagan Poem"; or the equally superb melody in A minor, sung by the 'cellos and violas against *arpeggios* for the piano, which follows the first distant call of the trumpets behind the scene. In fact, the whole of this extraordinary score is pressed down and overflowing with melodic ideas of enthralling eloquence and beauty—melodically considered, it is a masterwork of the first order. Examine also (to adduce at random) his song "Les Paons." I know of few more ravishing examples of pure lyric inspiration than the setting which he has given to the words,

"Nuit claire aux ramures d'accords,
Et la lassitude a bercé son corps
Au rythme odorant des pures musiques."

Consider, again, the song "To Helen," which is a continuous fabric of lovely melody (how inevitable and how splendid is the expression which the composer has found for "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"!). These are typical, not isolated, instances of his melodic power. As with his harmonic style, his melody is unmistakable in his accent. It is impossible to think of the passages which I have cited as issuing from any brain but

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Loeffler's; or to ascribe to any other writer of music, living or dead, such equally typical things as the phrase marked "espressivo" in the piano part of "La Cloche Fêlée" just before the words "Qui, malgré sa vieillesse"; or the exceedingly characteristic melody in A major for the piano on the third page of "Adieu pour Jamais"; or the haunting phrase in triplets (*andante,* 12-8) which begins the second page of "La Cornemuse"; or the woful melody which opens "Le son du cor"; or the chief themes of "La Mort de Tintagiles." If these are not the product of an inventive and imaginative capacity of the first order, it is puzzling to know what the signs of that capacity may be.

His individual employment of harmony, his excelling gift as a melodist, are supported by a technique that is secure and resourceful, and, in its mature development, masterful. He controls his medium with ease, whether he is writing for piano, for the voice, or for orchestra. He is a daring and felicitous contrapuntalist, a fertile contriver of rhythms; and as a painter upon the orchestral canvas he has a manner and a power that are his alone. He does not spin the instrumental web so vaporously, so aerially, as the necromantic Debussy; he does not score with the overwhelming weight, sweep, and plangency of Strauss; but he has discovered hues and perspectives that are unknown to them. He employs a palette that can yield the barbaric splendors of the "Pagan Poem," the pure radiance of the morning-song after Verlaine, the sombre shadows that enwrap the tragedy of Tintagiles and the Dread Queen.

Always, in every exercise of his art, he displays a fineness, a scrupulousness, an exigent passion for perfection, that are unparalleled in the musical art of to-day. He has a more thoroughgoing detestation of the facile, the obvious, the inexpensive, than even the fastidious Debussy—I think he would be incapable of certain Massenet-like sentimentalities to which that singular genius seems to be prone now and again. It is not easy to imagine music more utterly free from the note of platitude and philistinism, or from deliberate concessions of any sort, than the music of Loeffler. He never employs those convenient æsthetic moulds which, as Henry James has said, "condemn us to an eternal repetition of a few familiar *clichés.*" His ideas are as fresh and unformularized as they are fine and sincere.

I have named Debussy in the course of certain contrasts

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and comparisons. A good deal has been made, by critics who are either undiscerning or incompetent, of an alleged indebtedness to Debussy on the part of Loeffler. It is true that Loeffler's music has certain external traits which it shares with the music of Debussy, of d'Indy, of Fauré, and of other musicians native to the country with which, in a spiritual sense, Loeffler is allied. These men use in common various harmonic and melodic expedients which, superficially, relate them, but which no more indicate an essential kinship than did, for example, the use of chromatic progressions by Liszt and Wagner indicate the interdependence of those two masters—Wagner's obvious and unashamed thematic borrowings from his long-suffering friend are another matter. The important fact, in the case of Loeffler and Debussy, is that their habit of thought and their manner of utterance are fundamentally different. Their natures impinge at a few points; they are both dreamers, both visionaries, and they both have the mystical temper; but in their intellectual outlook, in their spiritual and emotional preoccupations, they differ *toto cælo*. It is as impossible to think of Debussy as the composer of "La Mort de Tintagiles," the "Pagan Poem," "La Cloche Fêlée," or "To Helen," as it is to think of Loeffler as the composer of "Poissons d'Or," or "Nuages," or "Sirènes," or "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Their temperaments and their styles are irreconcilable. It is this elementary and indisputable fact which makes the suggestion of an obligation on Loeffler's part unworthy and inconsiderable.

In the case of so complex, various, and restless a spirit as Loeffler's—one which is fed by many obscure and mysterious streams of consciousness — all generalizations should be tentatively held and advanced. I think, though, that I may say of him that his distinguishing characteristic, certainly his distinguishing achievement, is his consummate mastery of sorrowful speech. His creative gift flowers most perfectly when he is voicing moods of grief and lamentation. I think that he is then not only most truly and movingly himself, but that in this—in his power of expressing a peculiar and distinctive quality of sadness: a sadness burdened with wondering despair and haunted by a sense of mystery and terror —he is unequalled. This peculiar *tristesse* underlies his art in almost all of its manifestations. It finds voice in the finale of the "Divertimento" for violin and orchestra; it

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wails in the grievous tune imputed to the lamenting bagpipe-player who, in "La Cornemuse," is heard "near the cross-roads of the crucifix"; it pervades his inexpressibly doleful picture of the lonely, marsh-bordered pool under ominous skies; it sings in the sweet and plaintive voice of the doomed child Tintagiles; it is sardonic, embittered, and terrible in the "Villanelle du Diable"; wild and reckless, or tragically gay, in the "Sérénade" and "Dansons la Gigue"; unutterably mournful in "Le son du cor"; passionately rebellious in his song "Vereinsamt." This enduring melancholy is, moreover, peculiar to himself. It is a very different thing from the lucid pathos that speaks from certain songs of Schubert; from the uneasy and passionate brooding of Chopin; from the heart-shaking sorrow that fills up the third act of Wagner's "Tristan"; from the wistful self-communing of Schumann; from the black despair that tortured the soul of Tschaikovsky; from the tender and elegiacal regret which in Edward MacDowell finds a matchless declaration; from the passive, almost inarticulate sorrow, the "dim sadness" (in Milton's phrase), that inhabits certain wonderful pages of Debussy's "Pelléas." It is different from these—a sadness more subtle, more bitter, more tenacious, more deep-seated; it is an emotional nuance that Loeffler alone has felt and expressed.

Despite his occasional utterance of more serene and buoyant moods, he is evidently at heart one of "the children of sorrow"—one of that troubled and spiritually restless clan which has numbered among its members Leopardi and Heine, Poe and Rossetti and Mangan, Baudelaire and Verlaine, Chopin, Schumann, Tschaikovsky. The artist in whom sensibility and emotion predominate over aspiration comes inevitably to regard the world as a *via dolorosa* of defeated dreams. He sees that

> "The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
> Like any hill flower; and the noblest troth
> Dies here to dust."

He sees love, "beautiful like the autumn evening, dumb like the autumn evening, fading like the autumn evening." He sees beauty and desire, ardor and hope, wane with the inexorable march of the years; he sees the spreading of "the world's slow stain." So that he comes to ask himself: Whence springs that profound and inscrutable melancholy

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which falls upon us at the moment when we are about to consummate some long-cherished and ardently envisaged dream? Of what origin are the vague, anonymous regrets, the nameless misgivings, the mysterious hesitancies, which beset us at such a time and stale the wine of our delight? Why is it that at the very instant when we behold our dream incarnate in the warm and living present, when we are at last face to face with it in all its glowing and longed-for actuality, we find ourselves afflicted with a sudden numbness, a palsy of the soul, so that happiness has passed us by and we have not felt its touch: has cheated us while in the act of seeming to appease? Is it ordained that our desires shall never flower for us in their perfection? Is there no sustenance for the dreaming heart and the dream-filled mind but Dead Sea fruit?—It would seem that this is so, when those dreams, those desires, are woven of that fabric which is dyed in the colors of mortality: that perishable vesture with which men seek to clothe themselves in happiness or peace. It would seem that the joy which cometh in the morning is no joy at all, but sorrow and emptiness, save when we send it up to God in songs or out to other hearts in selflessness. For it is given to any of us, miraculously enough, to achieve, if only for a brief unforgettable moment, the clarified and serene and infinitely joyous vision of which Plato tells us in the Phædo, whereby we may share the felicity of those who dwell among the immortals —"who see the moon and stars as they really are, and whose happiness in other matters is of a piece with this."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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IS WOMAN SUFFRAGE IMPORTANT?

BY MAX EASTMAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in a cautious reference to the movement for equal suffrage, recently delivered this opinion:

"We hear much about women's rights. Well, as to that, decent men should be thinking about women's rights all the time, and while the men are doing that—the women should be attending to their duties."*

As evading a political issue with a moral platitude, we might pass that statement by, were it not for what it reveals by implication. It reveals that Mr. Roosevelt, with probably most of the men of his profession, still regards the equal-suffrage movement as a clamor for rights. I believe that not one-fiftieth of the women engaged in that movement are actuated by a desire to get rights. Probably none of the men so engaged are actuated by a desire to give them rights. It may appear true to these men that if any adult woman, with the established qualifications, desires to vote, it is not their business why she desires to vote, it is unjust to deny her the opportunity. They may believe that as an ambitious republic we can ill afford, either for what we call practical reasons or for reasons of romantic sentiment, to deny a direct justice to a number of hundred thousand people who vehemently ask for it. They may be unable—even as politicians—to refrain from thinking about women's rights. But such thoughts are not the heart of their enthusiasm. The heart of their enthusiasm is not an acknowledgment that equal suffrage is abstractly right or just, but a conviction that it is important. In my opinion, it has an importance too far-reaching for the grasp of persons immersed in politics or business, and I shall try to set forth, in a brevity suitable to their leisure rather than to the subject, the nature of that importance. In so doing I can present no new

* From a speech at Poughkeepsie, September 30th, 1910, reported in the New York "World."

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"arguments," for there are none, but I will try to show that among the old, two at least have at the present day a vital thrust in them.

To clear the field for those two, let me say, then, at the start that we do not look to women's votes for the purification and moral elevation of the body politic. That is a lovely hope, transmitted to us in its classic form, I believe, by George William Curtis. "I am asked," he exclaims, "would you drag women down into the mire of politics? No, sir, I would have them lift us out of it."

But we are not much stirred by the hope of such miracles in this day. We are more scientific than to judge women in general by the one we have in our romantic eye. We look round in the city and the country, and we see who the men are and who the women are; and we conclude that neither sex has exclusive hold of the reins, or spurs, of morality.

Indeed, it has been maintained in New York City, by persons with an eye to the private profits of politics, that woman suffrage would be a help to them in their business. Nor is it possible to deny—speaking from that city only—that this sudden extension of the franchise might furnish to the powers of corruption a temporary help. That is because, after the vote is granted to them, some time will elapse before a normal proportion of women acquire the habit of voting, a natural inertia will have to be overcome, and the powers of corruption have a better perfected system for overcoming the inertia of voters than the powers of reform. "The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light." That is why nobody ever quite succeeds in the salvation of society.

That state of affairs, however, besides being local, will be temporary. Nothing will call out the votes of the better class of wives and mothers quicker than a striking ascendency of the corrupt powers. And when an equal proportion of all classes of the women's votes is called out, our educated and our American-born vote will be increased, and our uneducated and foreign-born vote decreased, in the final proportion.* Therefore, while we cannot look to women's votes for such an inundation of purity as certain chivalric

* In the year 1908-09 there were enrolled in the public high schools of the United States 475,761 girls and only 365,512 boys. And of the total number of immigrants to this country in the fiscal year 1909, 519,969 were males and only 231,817 females.

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souls would love to think, we can assure ourselves of no deterioration, but on the contrary an increase through them of the average intellectual culture and acquaintance with American institutions in the electorate.

Moreover, we cannot ignore the fact that women, even when their opportunity and the demands we make of them are as great as they should be, will remain in certain ways normally different from men. Women are mothers, and men are not. When all psychic marvels and parlor nonsense are laid aside, that is the scientist's difference between men and women. Women inherit, with instinctive motherhood, a body of passionate interests that men only partially share. And when we say that those interests are needed in government, we but extend to the State as a whole a generalization already applied to every essential part of it. For we freely acknowledge, in the daily progress of our lives, that women's vital intuitive judgments tend often to recall us from our theoretical and commercial vagaries to the chief issue, the conservation of human resources. An extension of that tendency into the sphere of politics will appear less incongruous and more advisable with every year that the profession of politics continues to improve as it is now improving.

Governments are more and more approaching the real concerns of humanity. All those moral and social problems, the preservation of health and safety, the regulation of hours and conditions of labor, the guidance of competition, even the determination of wages and the cure of poverty —problems that used to be handled by a few supernormal individuals under the name of " charity "—are now creeping into the daily business of bureaus and legislatures. This civilizing of governments is a process which we must further with all our might, that ultimately even the greatest questions of democratic equality, which are still only agitated by a handful of noteworthy idealists, may become the substance of party platforms and the fighting-ground of practical politics.

Socialism in this country is a protest against the irrelevance of politics. That is what much of it is. The growth of the Socialist vote means that enthusiastic people believe that the best intellects of the nation ought to be concentrated in legislative debate upon the problem of securing to all its citizens an opportunity for economic well-being. Yet

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there are many besides Socialists who urge and expect this change in the centre of governmental interest. Many besides Socialists are ready to do all in their power to focus political attention upon the true issues of advancing civilization. And, while we have not enough experimental evidence for a conclusion, we have the opinions of hundreds of good men in those States and nations where women vote, to support our reasonable expectation that their influence will favor this achievement.

Another hope we may cherish of the political effect, not of women's votes, but of the fact that they vote. The sexes are more idealistic in what they do together than in what they do apart. For this reason the coming of women—or the coming, let us say, of families—into politics, will perhaps bring a certain benefit other than what you might estimate by counting the wise or virtuous women's votes. It will make impossible, for instance, that state of conscience prevalent among male politicians, who go into the service of the State with the happy feeling that they have left their virtues at home in the safe-keeping of their wives and daughters. Men throw the innocence of their women folk as a sop to God, and go about the devil's business. But it may be doubted whether God or any one else was ever satisfied with innocence as a substitute for virtue active in the world. I could never see the value of preserved innocence. It is perfectly possible that our republic will be damned to moral destruction, men and women together, and it is possible that it will be saved to great usefulness, but certainly if it is saved it will be saved not because of the number of cloistered innocents it contains within its boundaries, but because of the number of effective human beings who save it. Any measure, therefore, will do well, which tends to reduce the number of those males who think that an ineffectual wife can do the being good for the whole family.

Especially it will do well if it reduces the number of such men in public affairs, where the lack of those high standards that we set for ourselves in our homes is lamentably apparent. "He is such a good man in his family!" we say of our disgraced representative. Perhaps if we do not waste our time trying to make him good outside his family, but allow his family and its acquaintance with him to extend into the sphere of his political activity, he will be good there too, or else nowhere, and there will be no doubt about it. He

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will at least realize the importance of honor in public service, and no longer be able to return home and think he is better than his acts.

Such probabilities, however, with so brief experiments to test them, do not give political equality a pressing importance to the man of average interest in experimental progress. In considering the effect of women's votes upon politics, as in mentioning the question of abstract rights, I have but endeavored to clear the way for the arguments that strike us vitally. It should give us a certain hospitality toward those arguments to know that they are reinforced by the ancient ideals of being fair and minding our own business. And it should comfort our timidity to reflect that women's votes will not do harm to the body politic; they will increase the proportion of educated and American voters, they will somewhat encourage the tendency of our legislatures to direct their debates to the deep problems of developing life, and perhaps they will make political honor a little more compelling by bringing the business of politics nearer to the home. These considerations may assuage the shock that the idea of women's voting conveys to our romantic sentiments and prepare us to accept, if it can be proven, the vital importance of equal suffrage to the life of the people and the advance of civilization.

It is not justice as a theoretical ideal, nor feminine virtue as a cure for politics, but democratic government as the practical method of human happiness that compels our minds. The Anglo-Saxon race has progressed so far as it has, in intellectual and moral and material culture, largely because it has carried forth the great venture of popular government. We have learned to take it for granted, and so to forget, that civil liberty is the foundation of our good fortune, but we ought to remind ourselves of it every morning. We ought to remind ourselves that we are the van of a great exploit. Had we been alive when the daring plans were laid, we should remember. The greatest hypothesis in the history of moral and political science was set up in this laboratory, and our business is to try out the experiment until the last breath of hope is gone out of us.

The democratic hypothesis is that a State is good, not when it conforms to some general eternal ideal of what a State ought to be or do, as the Greeks thought, but when it conforms to the interests of particular concrete individuals—

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namely, its citizens, all that are in mental and moral health; and that the way to find out their interests is not to sit on a throne or a bench and think about it, but go and ask them. Now to discriminate against an approximate half of the citizens—just because they have, as we say, such *different interests* from the rest—is to betray our hypothesis and destroy our experiment at its crucial point. For the whole point of it was that we would give up asking an expert political class of the people what the State *ought* to do, and go down and ask all the people, expert or not and political or not, what they are *interested* in having it do.

Not only have the thinkers of the world waked up to the fact that women are individuals and so to be counted under this theory of government, but the world itself has so changed that the practical necessity of applying the theory to them drives itself home. We need but open our minds to the facts. With the advance of industrial art the work of women has gone from the house to the factory and market. Women have followed it there, and there they must do it until this civilization perishes. In 1900, approximately one woman in every five in the United States was engaged in gainful employment, and the number was increasing. Most of these women have no choice as to whether they will work or not, and many of them are working in circumstances corruptive of health and motherhood. It is, therefore, a problem vital to the future of the race how to render the conditions of industry compatible with the physical and moral health of women. And to him who knows human nature and the deep wisdom of representative government, it is clear that the only first step in solution of that problem is to give to the women themselves the dignity and defence of political recognition.

Compared to the variety of their needs, and the subtlety of the disadvantages under which they enter a competitive system, it is a small thing to give them. But it is the first and manifest thing. It is the ancient antidote of that prejudice which everywhere opposes them, and its smallness not a reason for withholding, but for bestowing it. Give them that small thing for which Anglo-Saxon men have grovelled, and lied, and slaughtered, and perished, for a thousand years to win—namely, a little bit of the personal sacredness of sovereigns before their rulers and the law. A small thing, but their own, and an indispensable prerequisite and guar-

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antee of every other privilege or opportunity you may hope to confer upon them.

Women have that guarantee in a male democracy, it is stated, through their husbands and fathers who represent them. And to an extent the statement is true. To an extent it is true, even when the husbands and fathers have none of that perfect loyalty which the statement assumes, for the habit of mind which democracy engenders in the governors involuntarily extends to their dealing with the unenfranchised.

But there is a time when it is not true, and a point where that habit of mind does not extend. And it is a crucial point for them—when as a class they, the unenfranchised workers, segregate themselves and dare to stand together for their special aims in a labor organization. Then they are severed in our mind, as they are in fact, from any voter who might represent them; and then, above all, they need the standing of units in a political system. For there are but two at all dependable guarantees of the effectiveness of an organization of people without wealth: one is gunpowder and the other is the ballot.

"Why, the ballot never helped the working-classes!" we hear it exclaimed. "*Organization* is their only hope!" But such ignorance of the history and significance of popular sovereignty is manifest in this exclamation, that one knows not with what kindergarten instruction to begin to answer it. He has read nothing or he has read in vain of nineteenth-century democracy who thinks that labor organizations of males could have arrived where they are, in the respect of men and the law, if they had been unable to compel consideration from the State. It is *because* organization is the sole hope of labor that labor must have its portion of the sovereignty. And it is especially because, when united together for their peculiar purposes, women lose even that second-hand sovereignty they are alleged to have—it is because of this, that they must have a first-hand sovereignty, a genuine guarantee that their wills shall be of consequence to the community they serve. Such certified consideration from the powers of law is both a symbol and a force indispensable to any group or person that either desires or is compelled by fortune to enter the competitive world.

Such is the argument from the ideal of democracy—theoretic, practical, and coercive in the concrete present. Yet,

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in so far as we are believers in the progressive enrichment of life, we have something more to do than live up to our ideals. We have to illumine and improve them continually. The Athenian youths had a running-match in which they carried torches, and it was no victory to cross the tape with your torch gone out. Such is the race that is set before us. And we may well remember—we in America who scorn the contemplative life — that no amount of strenuousness with the legs will keep a flame burning while you run. You will have to take thought.

And it is out of a thoughtful endeavor, not merely to live up to an ideal of ours, but to develop it greatly, that the suffrage movement derives its chief force. I mean our ideal of woman and motherhood. It is not expected by the best advocates of this change that women will reform politics or purge society of evil, but it is expected, with reasoned and already proved certainty, that political knowledge and experience will develop women. Political responsibility, the character it demands and the recognition it receives, will alter the nature and function of women in society to the benefit of themselves, and their husbands, and their children, and their homes. Upon that ground they declare that it is of vital importance to the advance of civilized life, not only to give the ballot to those women who want it, but to rouse those women who do not yet know enough to want it, to a better appreciation of the great age in which they live.

The Industrial Era—for all the ill we say of it, we must say this great good, that it has made possible and inevitable the physical, and social, and moral, and intellectual liberation of women. The simplification of home life through invention and manufacture, the growth of large cities with their popular education, and above all the division of labor, have given her a free place in the active world. This fact is the distinctive feature of these ages. To a distant and universal historian—a historian who writes the lives of the people—that change in the position of women will appear, not only the most striking, but the most excellent achievement of ours. For we will never evolve a heroic race of people on the earth until we give them a twofold inheritance and tradition of active, intelligent virtue. That we have begun to do. And no act at the present time can more urge and certify this great step in the history of life than to give it a political expression and guarantee. Citizenship

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will rouse and educate women, it will develop our ideal of them; therefore, it is a dominant necessity of advancing civilization that they have it.*

The relegating of women to a life of futile or neurotic sainthood, with exclusive charge of the goodness of the community and nothing to do with the community's behavior, has been a great foolishness at the bottom of our social habits. Of this ancient practice and the quite recent idealization of it, of the damage it has done to men and women and children, no history can give the account. Nor is it easy to establish a sense of it in an age which is permeated by the sentiments of a degenerate feudalism. It may awake the sane and the heroic in us, however, to recall the pagan ideal of Plato. He says, in the seventh book of the laws:

"The legislator ought to be whole and perfect, and not half a man only. He ought not to let the female sex live softly and waste money and have no order of life, while he takes the utmost care of the male sex, and leaves half of life only blessed with happiness when he might have made the whole state happy."

Two truths that will be news to many after two thousand years, are contained in that sentence. First, that it is just as important for women to be happy as for men; and, second, that true happiness for the best spirits of either sex, does not consist in living softly and wasting money and having no order of life, but in regulated purpose and achievement.

Compare that elevated utterance with the ideals of the age just behind us. Take a sentence from Martin Luther:

* I cannot refrain from saying a word here in apparent contradiction of my theme. It is addressed to those self-assured reformers who, with small sense for the real in history, find themselves in too fatuous agreement with that theme. There was scope for great character, and life's full experience, in the lot of woman long ago when many arts and industries and the business management of them, and of a household, fell to her. Spirited and splendidly intelligent women lived then. And they profited by opportunities for growth which are now gone. There are few places to be filled in the modern industrial world equal in variety and amplitude to the place of the "circumscribed" women of old. So that in gaining, through the development of industry, a great social freedom, women have lost in many cases a valuable breadth of experience. It is, however, lost irretrievably, and now we must replace it to what extent we can. We must replace that ample interest and stimulus to growth which women used to find in the home with interests beyond it, and chief among them—as being equally vital—the civic interest. Thus in so far as women are gaining freedom in this era, they demand citizenship as a guarantee of that freedom, and in so far as they are losing a certain breadth of life they require citizenship as a guarantee against narrowness.

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"The woman's will, as God says, shall be subject to the man, and he shall be her master; that is, the woman shall not live according to her free will . . . and must neither begin nor complete anything without the man; where he is, there must she be, and bend before him as before her master, whom she shall fear, and to whom she shall be subject and obedient."

The same morbid tyranny appears, although without the offence of imputing it to God, in Jean Jacques Rousseau, a preacher of the native equality of men:

"The education of the women should be always relative to the men. To please, to be useful to us, to make us love and esteem them, to educate us when young, to take care of us when grown up, to advise, to console us, to render our lives easy and agreeable: these are the duties of women at all times and what they should be taught in their infancy."

In these quotations the ideal woman, although drained of intelligence and power, appears to retain a monopoly of the distinctly Christian virtues, while the man permits himself upon Biblical or other authority the bearing of a despot. If you add to these ethics a certain idealization of that powerless woman, a tendency to erect her enforced feebleness into a holy thing, and add also a sentimental subservience of the man to this enslaved queen in matters of no moment, you have the attitude of the leisure class of our own day, our inheritance of elite sentiment. It is expressed by Lyman Abbott in his recent book about the womanly woman:

"When the wedding-day comes she has no desire to omit from the service the promise to obey. . . . She wishes not to submit a reluctant will to his, but to make his will her own. She wishes a sovereign and is glad to have found him. . . . To give up her home, abandon her name, merge her personality in his keeping—this is her glad ambition, and it swallows up all other ambitions."

In this more modern example it is still tyrannically demanded of the woman that she confine herself to the virtues of passivity, but the demand is made in morbid idealism rather than mere brutal bigotry.

It ought to be necessary only to point away from these unnatural dogmas to the great judgment of Plato; it ought to be necessary only to recall the high attitude of Jesus.* It wants no argument to support the development of women, for a developed personality is a good that justifies itself. The purpose of life is that it be greatly lived, and it can

* His superiority to His age, and especially to Saint Paul, in wisdom upon this point, is shown negatively in all His recorded dealings with women, so far as I remember, but particularly in that interview at the well with a woman, and a Samaritan, which so astonished His followers.

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be greatly lived only by great characters. Yet it can be shown, upon a practical demand, for what special purposes we need women of great spirit.

We need them, first, for the cultivation of a certain gentle humility and good sense in their husbands. Under the system outlined by Luther, husbands do not achieve the greatest spiritual growth. They acquire, in average cases, a daily tone of contented self-assertion, to balance which they retain a soft area of sentimentality wherewith, at certain temperatures, they subject themselves and worship that very feebleness which other times they overbear. To idolize that which is held inferior in power and wisdom, because it excels in innocence of the actual world, is to commit the characteristic folly of decadence. Surely if man as a lover of women is to become an equable union of the tender and heroic, he will need to be both subdued and elevated by his love. He will not be brought to such perfection by the constant purveyal of privileges to a supposedly inferior being; nor will he be brought there by the discipline of a woman who wields her privilege with cunning or thunder, and under a system of "female subjection" rules the household. No, he will come into that perfection, if at all, in the company of a woman so developed as naturally to believe that she will be treated as an equal.

That this political reform will have deeper effects than its effect upon politics is proven by the outcries that oppose it: "You are bringing dissension into our homes! You are striking a blow at the family, which is the corner-stone of society!"—Hysterical outcries, I think, from persons whose families are already tottering. Certain it is that many of these corner-stones of society are tottering. And why are they tottering? Because there dwell in them triviality and vacuity. It is these that prepare the way of the devil! Who can think that intellectual divergence, disagreement upon a great public question, could disrupt a family worth holding together? On the contrary, nothing save a community of great interests, agreeing and disagreeing, can revive a fading romance. When we have made matrimony synonymous with a high and equal comradeship, we shall have done the one thing that we can do to rescue those families which are the tottering corner-stones of society. And that we cannot do until men and women are both grown up.

A greater service of the developed woman, however, will

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be her service in motherhood. For we are in extreme need of mothers that have the wisdom of experience. To hear the sacred office of motherhood advanced as a reason why women should not become public-spirited and active and effective, you would think we had no greater hope for our race and nation than to rear in innocence a generation of grown-up babies. Keep your mothers in a state of invalid remoteness from genuine life, and who is to arm the young with wise virtue? Are their mothers only to suckle them, and then for their education pass them over to some one who knows life? For to educate a child is to lead him out into the world of his experience; it is not to propel him with ignorant admonitions from the door. A million lives wrecked at the off-go can bear witness to the failure of that method. I think that the best thing you could add to the mothers of posterity is a little of the rough sagacity and humor of public affairs.

Such are the great reasons for making the sexes equal in politics; such have been the reasons ever since the question was broached in the age of Pericles. It is not an issue to be answered by an appeal to chivalry, which is but a perfection of manners among the people of noble leisure; the need is deeper and more universal than that. Nor is it at its best a demand for justice upon the part of citizens unrecognized. Nor is it a plan to prevent corrupt practices in politics, or instil into the people's representatives any virtue other than the virtue of representing the whole people. That is the aim of those who advocate that we extend the suffrage to women. It is an act demanded by the ideal principle to the proof of which our government is devoted. It is, moreover, a heroic step that we can take with nature in the evolution of a symmetrical race.

MAX EASTMAN.

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THE DRAMA AND THE PLAY

BY ARTHUR COLTON

It is no great hardship to differ from most men. It may even be a gratification. The minority which includes Maurice Maeterlinck, Charles Lamb (*vide* "On the tragedies of Shakespeare considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation") and Dr. Johnson ("Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted: 'Macbeth,' for instance") is a comfortable minority, holding the oppressed but fruitful faith that "poems die" when it is endeavored to make visible in the flesh what was conceived for the imagining eye of the mind.

"For is it not evident," M. Maeterlinck continues, "that the Macbeth or Hamlet whom we see on the stage does not resemble the Macbeth or Hamlet of the book; that he has visibly fallen in sublimity? Representation of a poem contradicts it. It drives the swans from the great lake and casts back the pearls into the deep. Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra cannot be represented, and it is dangerous to see them on the stage. Something of Hamlet is dead for us from the day when we have seen him die before our eyes. The spectre of an actor has dethroned him and we cannot put the usurper out of our dreams. I remember this death of Hamlet from my dreams. One evening I opened the door to the usurper. The actor was famous. He entered. A single one of his looks showed me he was not Hamlet. For three hours I watched him occupy himself with that lie."

It is not that Shakespeare's skill as a playwright under the conditions of his time need be debated, unless Mr. Bernard Shaw chooses to do so, who, being neither a sound playwright nor a sound critic, is yet a "chartered libertine" of whom nothing more specific need be asked to insure all men's satisfaction than that, like the man of "Man and Superman," he "go on talking."*

* Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has given a substantial reason, however, for a faith in Mr. Shaw's soundness: "Most people," Mr. Chesterton announces, "think they would agree with Bernard Shaw if they could understand him; I am the only one who understands Bernard Shaw, and

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But there is no proof of Shakespeare's pre-eminence as a playwright under the conditions of his time. The theatrical world then, and for a generation or more after, did not think him pre-eminent; it divided its admiration between Shakespeare, Johnson and Fletcher. It is in literature, as a dramatist poet, and to the contemplation of ten generations of readers and their slowly accumulating comprehension of him, that he so overtops and diminishes other men. The greater part of him, and nearly all the wonder of him, is not actable and has never been acted. His pre-eminent place on the stage is the shadow and reflex of his status in literature. Only those who have never read and studied "Hamlet," or have done so to small inward result, now get only a fraction of "Hamlet." If an absolute "first-nighter," with a mind as unlettered as Partridge's toward Elizabethan drama, and yet a practised critic of new plays, is conceivable, and could be found, and various Elizabethan plays could be given and tested upon him, would he find the Shakespearian plays distinctly the best? I cannot help thinking that he would. Like the seventeenth-century playgoers, he might call Johnson a careful workman, and admire Fletcher's cleverness, and remark that Shakespeare, with all his carelessness, obscurities, subtleties that for stage results were worse than useless, occasional loose plots and hugger-mugger ending, nevertheless had a sort of Oh-by-the-way! knack of hitting close to the centre, which showed that he was of the "profession" and could "spot" stage values if he chose, and showed that to have been an actor was a better training for a playwright than a college education. Something of this kind was intended by the seventeenth-century critics, though they probably were clearer in mind as to what they meant by Johnson's "art" and Fletcher's "wit" than as to what they meant by Shake-

I disagree with him": . . . a substantial reason inasmuch as most people have underlying intuitions more solid than they have intelligence to explain; whereas Mr. Chesterton's intelligence is a dividing sword, but his fundamentals seem accidental, laid in the opportunities of controversy; even so that he manages to give his religious conservatism the air of a personally invented eccentricity. If, then, the popular faith leans to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton understands him, but most people do not understand Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Chesterton does, it would seem to follow that Mr. Shaw is a sensible but difficult writer. But it is possible that Mr. Chesterton understands Mr. Shaw better than he does "most people," and that "most people" in point of fact think they would disagree with Mr. Shaw if they knew how to do it.

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speare's gifts of "nature," and were in part mistaken in what they thought it was, this "nature," which certainly was in part an actor-manager's better-trained sense of stage values.

But with the student and lifelong lingerer over Shakespeare, his impressions of Shakespeare on the stage are never purely theatrical. He has read them full of literature. To him, in the comments of the purely theatrical critic just imagined as uncorrupted of literature, there would seem to be astonishing omissions. To him the objection to seeing "Hamlet," "Macbeth" or "Lear" is where Lamb and Maeterlinck have placed it, namely, in that no actor can compete with—he can only outrage—the image and incorporeal vision already throned and regnant. If this image is weak, vague and half forgotten, an extraordinary actor may drive it out by sheer power and replace it by himself for the time being; which singular but successful assault was more than once committed on me by Edwin Booth. For the rest, having suffered much and often from the practice of a now-discarded theory, that one ought to enjoy seeing Shakespeare acted, and whether he keeps the stage or not has to me only the interest of a regret to know that good actors still waste themselves after that vanity, that to some extent it is under his wide ægis that men still talk of the "literary drama" in such terms that I know not what they mean, and darken the stage with plays in blank verse, and go their ways unrepentant, unappalled, guileless amid their iniquities.

If by a "drama" we always meant something to be read, and by a "play" always something to be presented and performed, with our terms so divided we might venture hopefully on the not very adventurous statement that no one ever "wrote a play." Men have written speeches, dialogues, stage directions, and so on, indicating the intended schemes, made these contributions to the eventual total of a play; but the play did not exist until it was played; or it might be said to exist beforehand partially in imagination, in reality only while it was being performed and only in memory afterward; even as a symphony does not exist, it is not alive, in the silent symbols of its score, but only while the air is thrilled with its passion or its peace.

The confusion is historic. It arises from the use of old formulas for changed conditions. Our discussion of verse

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is vitiated by our terminology, which bears the mould of vanished conditions. A lyric to a Greek was a song, but a lyric to us is not a song, though we talk in our amiably muddled way as if it were. Most of the "Songs and Lyrics" in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" have never been set to music, never should be and never will be. No verse form is more unfit for actual singing than a sonnet. It is a "moment's monument," but it is as monumental as it is momentary, massive in petto, as structural as it is fluid, a thing to be not only taken runningly, but inspected with the mind's eye, like a carved gem or an etching. We all have an instinctive knowledge of what a lyric in literature really is, though few of us have so sure an instinct as Palgrave had, but our terminology does not tell what we know. It implies that a lyric has old association with song, which is true, but only passes the edges of an obscure subject. When the art of expression by means of words was wholly oral, there being no letters, there was no literature. Even what we call "Greek literature" was not literature to most of the Greeks, for they did not read it. They heard it, chaunted, declaimed, recited, by bard, orator and actor. They listened and looked and called it "musica." Writing was mainly for record and preservation, or for the use of the reciter, much as a musical score to-day is for record and the use of the performer. Every art implied a visual object or a visual and audible performance. But literature to-day does not imply a visual and audible performance. It means expression, not by the voice, but by conventional symbols of the alphabet, in combinations which convey directly that which they symbolize, and not by translation through imagined sound.

Every art has its own conditions, and these conditions determine its right practice. The conditions of creative literary art are to-day a printed page and two imagining minds. The physical sense through which it finds passage is the eye. It always carries with it associations of sound, but it is not necessarily, nor usually, translated through an imagined sound; the printed word is the direct and immediate conveyer of the thought for which it stands. Further, literature is a stationary art to the extent that it will stand still to be considered, examined and reviewed at any point and for any length of time, and in that respect and to

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that extent resembles painting or architecture. The printed drama is a form of creative literature and is so governed. On the other hand, the stage play is an art in which many imaginations are involved, of writers, hearers, actors and those who plan, produce and arrange the setting. The physical senses through which it finds passage are both eye and ear. The words are spoken, and all that which from the stage goes through the eye in literature does not exist except as imaginative inferences. Finally the playwright's is an art in uninterrupted motion, and in this respect resembles not painting or literature, but music.

The phrase "literary drama" either means a drama to be read; or the adjective implies the commendatory addition that the piece has literary value as being well written; or, if applied to a stage play, it is either a phrase misused, or it has the derogatory meaning of a drama put to a use for which it is unfit; or, finally, it involves the opinion that two birds may be killed with one stone. In the derogatory sense, if a playwright says of a play (which he has not composed), "It is literary," it is as when a painter says of a painting (by some one else), "It is literary," and they both mean what a carpenter means, who (with a more adequate terminology, in more honest language, but less fit to print) criticises an apprentice for putting on shingles with cement, basing his criticism on the proposition that carpenters and masons practise two distinct arts.

Professor Matthews has lately called attention to Brunetière's "Law of the Drama," namely, that a dramatic subject is and must be human will in action. The struggle of a will against fate is tragedy, against social convention is melodrama. In tragedy sympathy goes out to a hero predestined to failure, in melodrama to a hero with the chances against him. Two equalized oppositions, or two wills against each other, compose comedy, and a will against an absurdity of custom is farce. The drama is distinguished from the novel by this law, inasmuch as the hero of a drama must be a force in himself while the hero of a novel may be a puppet of circumstance and the novel still be an effective story. The moving force in a novel may be the flow of events, its action the sequence and trend of incident, but action in the drama, according to Brunetière's "Law," is the assertion of a will.

Is it, then, so unapparent that the vital distinction lies

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between the book and the stage, not between the novel and the drama which we read? Or why is it that so frequently one is at a loss to know what Brunetière and Professor Matthews mean by the "drama"? A drama in literature is a story told indirectly in dialogue, which may be assisted by voluminous prefaces, as is the practice of Mr. Bernard Shaw, or interspersed with narrative, as in George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy." It may grade into and be variously touched with narrative. A novel is a story told partly in narrative, partly in dialogue; it may be mainly conversation or mainly direct narrative; it may be interesting through its plot and incidents alone, though it probably would be more interesting if its characters were not puppets, but determining factors. Literature is catholic. A book may be interesting for any one of many reasons. It is true that a man's will against fate is more profoundly tragic than man's will against a social convention or another man's will, but this applies also to the *motifs* of a novel.

The tragedy of Antigone is the conflict between Antigone and a social convention; she is crushed between the two conventions, the duty of obedience to the king and the duty of reverently burying one's dead brethren. The tragedy of "Medea" is the conflict of the two wills of the fiery Medea and the cold-blooded Jason; or the two wills, which are the expression of two innate temperaments, may be taken to involve something of the hopelessness and doom of a conflict with destiny; or, if Mr. Gilbert Murray's comment on the case—that no marriage was possible between a Greek and a barbarian—is as correct as it is interesting, then "Medea" is, in a sense, a tragedy of the "color line," which may be interpreted, according to one's philosophy of the subject, as a conflict with destiny or with convention.

Brunetière's "law," then, is not a law to the extent that it will stand minute application, or division and subdivision, but it is a law to the extent that it points to a difference,—inherent and important, although only one out of many differences,—between the demands, persuasions and forbiddances of fiction represented on the stage, and fiction read in a book. Otherwise understood, would it not seem amazing that critics should attempt to dig profound trenches between two methods in literature of telling a story, which methods easily borrow from and blend with one another, and in the same breath talk of the "literary drama" as if

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there were nothing noticeable between two sets of conditions respectively created when a book is opened and a curtain raised, between two arts so fundamentally apart as fiction in the silent symbols of print, and fiction enacted?

The so-called "laws" of any art are never statute law, but always common law; not the edicts of authority, but the essence of cases. They are significant statements of the methods found best for getting the desired results out of the given conditions. The danger of calling them "laws" is the temptation to forget that they are laws only for the conditions which created them, the temptation to lightly raise "canons" out of the incidents of custom.

Brunetière's "law," perhaps, amounts to no more than this: that human will as the moving force is demanded by fiction on the stage more imperatively than by fiction in literature, both because the visible and audible persons of the actors keep the imagination fixed in humanity, and because the greater condensation of a play asks more insistently for the choice of means by which the attention and sympathy can be seized with the most immediate force. A contest of two wills is not necessarily comedy, it may be bitterly serious; nor of a will with a social convention necessarily melodrama, it may be wholly amusing; but it does seem to be true in novel, or drama, or play, or wheresoever, not only that the note grows deeper as the struggle grows more hopeless, but that when the single human will is seen pitted against some overtopping power, some law of life, some massed and moving concourse of events, there enters what we may, if we choose, call the "tragic note," and we may, if we choose, mark the "tragic note" as that unmistakable bell tone which the soul gives forth whenever it is struck by the realization and answers to the reminder of its own essential loneliness in the night against which it lifts its little lamp of courage. "Our hands are little, but our hearts are great," and the long lapse of the tide drags seaward. Whenever this underlying basis of human melancholy is touched and gives back that low sonorous echo, we may recognize a distinct phenomenon and call it the "tragic note"; and if we resolve that we will mean that phenomenon by the phrase, and mean nothing else, we shall have added one more jewel to the priceless treasury of an accurate terminology, to which we may have already contributed in the resolution to say "drama" when we talk of a book, and

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" play " when we talk of the stage; we shall have drawn nearer to the psychology of Aristotle's definition of tragedy as " an action great, grave and complete."

Every art has its own conventions, or assumptions, thought to be useful or necessary, and these conventions vary greatly from age to age and from people to people. The chorus and the soliloquy were stage conventions, which, when in general use, were acceptable; but the chorus, being long disused, is no longer a convention, hence is no longer acceptable, hence the introduction of it in a play would be bad art; and the soliloquy and " aside " are so generally discarded and hence are become so unfamiliar, as to be nearly as unacceptable. On the other hand, it is a convention now that two hours and the same stage may stand and are acceptable for any number of separated times and places. But this has not always been an accepted convention.

The rule of the unity of action is a principle rather than a convention. It is as near to a canon or natural law as such things can come; like the law of gravitation, it is always there, but constantly being modified in application. Some such rule, principle or phenomenon is found in all the arts, governing them in some degree, the principle of economy of attention, or that things can be better comprehended and held when their details are classified, made coherent, given some structural unity and organized relations. The scientist, in a sense, practises an art, and there is an art of science not only because he advances by successive hypotheses, which are acts of creative imagination, but because he classifies the facts which he has accumulated and makes them structural and coherent.

The unities of time and place were neither principles nor conventions, but the refusal of certain conventions, and a demand for a nearer approach to accuracy. The reason that these conventions, once refused, are now accepted is not so much the example of Shakespeare's impatience with that refusal as the introduction of the curtain; an innovation making this radical difference in the conditions of the art of the stage, that between the fall and rise of the curtain the imagination is set free of its bondage to the eyes, and can leap between acts over space and time with as little jolting as between the chapters of a novel. As the intro-

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duction of printing has gradually made literature the most widely spread and perhaps the most important of the arts, and has run a line of distinction among them not as yet sufficiently recognized, so in the single art of the stage the introduction of the curtain, by gradually rendering a useful convention acceptable, has widened the scope and freedom of the playwright, which meanwhile has been narrowed by the loss of such conventions as the chorus and the soliloquy.

For as much as no art "holds the mirror up to nature," but does better than that, and does so by the aid of a convention, or set of conventions, upon which its illusion is based; so with the rise of the curtain a mutual good faith is pledged, a sweeping concession is made, whose nature and extent are largely governed by the place and time. It is not the Greek set of conventions or concessions, nor the Elizabethan, nor even the modern Parisian, but those current and acceptable to the imagination in America and at the present time. Trusting to this imaginative contract with illusion, we step out of ourselves into the play. The primary question is whether the play maintains this trust or betrays it, keeps this contract with the imagination or goes after strange gods and alien purposes or breaks down by weakness or miscalculation. If it keeps the faith it is a sound play, though it may be neither interesting nor important; if it betrays it, it is, to the extent of its bad faith, no play at all. The breach may arise from playwright, actor, manager or any source whatever, for the play is a unit and all suffer from the dispelled illusion and the lost faith. Or whether the fault is the play's or the playgoer's, the fault of either is the loss of both; the playgoer has lost his play, and the play has lost a vassal to its authority.

We may well agree with Dr. Johnson that, "It is false that any representation is mistaken for reality," for it is not mistaken, but assumed; we may agree with emphasis that "delusion, if delusion is admitted, has no certain limitation," though with emphasis on the "certain" and substituting *illusion* for "delusion"; but we cannot agree with him that the spectators merely come "to hear lines which relate to some action recited with just gesture and elegant modulation!" Here speaks the author of "Irene." "Lines which relate to some action!" "Just gesture and elegant modulation!" This is not a play! We do not go to hear

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lines recited, but to step out of ourselves, imaginatively, into the play. The child who was threatened by a jocose farmer that he would put her through the corn-shucker and "shell her into corn" and explained her lamentations by, "I know he won't, but I'm afraid he will," drew correctly the line which Johnson missed between that belief and this imaginative belief.

Granted, then, that the "drama" and the "play" are of two distinct arts, still may not two birds be killed with one stone? Inasmuch as they have been, it seems that they may. And an umbrella may also serve as a walking-stick, and a walking-stick may also be used to drive off a dog, and a lap-dog may also serve as a burglar-alarm. Nevertheless, it is, in general, the wiser plan, if you wish to make a difficult shot, not to aim at two objects. If, however, you are determined to aim at two objects, it is further observable that a stone has a better chance of glancing up from a cellar door and hitting the house than of glancing off the house and hitting the cellar door; that, indeed, if it succeeds at all in the latter, it is apt to be the exhausted success of a stone that hits the house wall squarely and drops feebly on the cellar door; in fact, that there is a better chance of a fine play off the stage being a readable drama in a book than a fine drama out of a book being an actable play.

Literature is a wide and tolerant art. It is impossible to say what kind of thing is inadmissible to a book. The novel and book drama are catholic enough to welcome the moral symbolism of Hawthorne and the visions of Maeterlinck. But the stage is not so catholic. It will stand something, but it will not stand as much. The eyes see persons on the stage and the imagination is shackled to the eyes. The forms and habits of the drama in literature have been largely adopted from the stage, and such is the plasticity and tolerance of literature that there seems to be little objection to that alien influence. But a play is not plastic, nor tolerant of alien influence. Any breach of its contract, any miscalculation and cutting athwart, any misunderstanding of what it is, this current flowing over the footlights to the audience absorbed and expectant, any break in the electric connection, is paid for on the spot. If the face of the playwright is seen through the surface or web of the play the spell is instantly broken. In the performance of Ibsen's "Master Builder" the contract of the play with me was

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broken where the symbolizing, growing more and more insistent and oppressive, finally broke through. After that there was to me no play. The hero was an allegorical puppet, and the natural and unique powers and values of the stage were gone. "Ghosts," "Rosmersholm" and "Hedda Gabler," however, seemed to me confident and firm. The playwrights who, in spite of all objections, we nevertheless might as well call of the school of Ibsen, are apt to pile on so much fuel that the draught will not draw, and even Ibsen's sense of stage values was uncertain. The playwrights, as they have been called, of the school of Scribe are apt to have not much fuel to put in and seldom pull much merchandise to market. But they are safer, in the settled and sound tradition of French play-writing, than those who are occupying our attention now in increasing numbers, who have grasped a larger vision of what the stage can do, but lack a stage tradition, and are appallingly cluttered with literary tradition.

The stage play is an engine of extraordinary power. In the sheer humanness of its appeal, in the home-going force of its stroke, it is a mode of expression altogether unequalled. It owes no tribute of humility to any other art, but it owes to itself the tribute of comprehension of its own conditions and of loyalty to those conditions.

ARTHUR COLTON.

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PERSONALITIES AND POLITICAL FORCES

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Now that the smoke from the electoral battle-field has nearly cleared away, now that the number of Representatives and Senators from each party in the Sixty-second Congress can be nearly calculated, now that the various Democratic Governors and Mayors are somewhat accustomed to the unwonted delight of being elected, it is time to consider what are the great personal and political forces which are going to work upon each other during the next two years.

The politicians have been zealous in trying to estimate the future vote of the various States and to see how far the sudden changes of party in the election of 1910 are permanent. It does not require any uncommon political sagacity to see that some of the results are accidental, or at least evanescent. Massachusetts, for instance, is visibly what it has been twice before in the last twenty years, a Republican State with a Democratic Governor. The Massachusetts Legislature is as likely to elect a Democratic Senator to Mr. Lodge's seat as the New York Legislature is to choose a Republican to fill that vacancy which Mr. Depew has created for nearly twelve years. Tennessee and Missouri can hardly be expected to remain Republican States. Even a tyro at vote-figuring can see that there is still practically a solid South for any strong and vigorous Democratic candidate, and a nearly solid Middle and Far West for a reasonably acceptable Republican candidate. As has happened in so many previous Presidential campaigns, the election of 1912 is likely to turn on Connecticut, New York and New Jersey.

The party issues of the next five years are also clearly revealed by the last election: it is written that no tariff act is sacred; Republicans who voted against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff and have denounced it ever since its passage may

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still legally place "Rep." after their names in the Congressional Directory and may be counted alongside the Standpatters. Contrariwise, it must be supposed that there will be Democrats in full party standing who will not join the procession to move seven times around the walls of a high protective Jericho.

As for Conservation, that is not a party issue: everybody is a conservationist except Senator Carter of Montana, and perhaps he will accede, in the rather gloomy interval before he gets back to the Senate. Conservation is only a question of degree and method: some people are Pinchot conservationists, and some conserve Secretary Ballinger, and some are conservationists on their own responsibility. But no party, National or State, can safely set itself against two ideas which have struck deep roots in the mind of the ordinary voter: first, that the gifts of nature are meant to be used, but not to be wasted; and, second, and still more deeply rooted, that those gifts can be and must be used without continuing the practice of turning them over wholesale to people who take a heavy toll for superintending the diminution of the nation's stock of resources.

The third great field of discussion, the restriction of corporations, has gone so far that the Steel Corporation makes public the figures upon which it bases its corporation tax. It is clear that the shrewdest owners and managers of corporate property are now fighting, not for freedom from regulation, but for a minimum of regulation. They and their attorneys make every possible objection at every possible stage; but they see clearly that the great court of public opinion will find a verdict against them, and all they really hope for is a minimum of damages. It is difficult to make a distinct party issue on regulation of the railroads and other combinations of capital; hardly a member of the next Congress will dare to face his electorate as the avowed enemy of regulation of capital or the designated friend of "the interests."

A fourth issue, which in many ways is more serious and alarming than the other three, is that of labor; but it is clearly not a party question at present. The notion of the right, duty and probable success of labor combinations is as obstinate as that of capital combinations. The labor unions gain ground from year to year and have never been more insistent on the closed shop than in the last twelve months. In

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America and in foreign countries the whole labor question is in a condition of violent ebullition. On labor and the rights of labor no issue between Republicans and Democrats has been raised: even so vital a question as the tariff divides the labor vote, and the belief that a high tariff raises wages is the strongest prop of the extreme protective system. It is difficult to see how either of the great parties can in any future contest take ground distinctly antagonistic to labor and the labor vote. President Taft has thought it prudent and just to yield a point on the question of labor injunctions.

Nevertheless, whatever the issues that may be raised in the next Presidential campaign, the Republicans cannot escape from the difficulty which invariably pursues a party which promises prosperity by statute. If the tariff makes the country prosperous, then whenever it is less prosperous it is reasonable to call the tariff-makers to account. If the tariff raises wages, it must not only raise the money wage, but the purchasing power of the wages; high wages ought not only to follow high prices, but to precede them. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how the Democratic party can make a much more searching declaration of radical principles than those of the Chicago platform of 1908. Mr. Bryan was thought extreme by his own party, but his doctrines were not too sweeping for the Republican party to adopt, formulate and set forth as campaign material.

This brief survey of the political conditions seems to show that just now the American people are much more affected by personalities than by platforms: Mr. Cannon is an example; he personifies to many voters a bad and despotic system of party management in Congress. To be sure, the responsible Speakership has in it elements of coherence and party efficiency which make it altogether likely that the powers of the Speaker will eventually be restored by the Democrats; but Cannon's dogmatism and arbitrary method of doing a right thing as well as a doubtful thing are understandable by plenty of people who do not at all comprehend the parliamentary law of the House of Representatives. Throughout the country, to a large degree, the fight in 1910 has been one of personalities: La Follette did not carry his Legislature as a Republican or even as a Progressive, but as Robert La Follette, a hammerer and a man hated of the bosses. The same thing is very clearly seen in the gubernatorial campaign in six belt-line States—

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Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio: in every one of those States personality, positive or negative, was the point of attack, if not of decision. Apparently any respectable Democrat could have been elected in Massachusetts, but in Connecticut Judge Baldwin was chosen on his merits as a man and a campaigner. In New Jersey, by all accounts, Woodrow Wilson electrified the State with his conception of the Governor as the spokesman of the public interests and the leader of his own party. In Pennsylvania, Senator Penrose, who was the virtual candidate for chief of the State through his two dummies, Tener and Grim, triumphantly established his own unpopularity in the State which he controls. In Ohio the personal quality of Harmon greatly swelled, if it did not contribute, his remarkable majority of 100,000.

Throughout the country it has been shown over and over again that it is necessary to "pander to the moral sense of the community" by nominating candidates who stand for something in themselves. The astonishing success of the Insurgents in the West is a proof that the American people like positive men and will vote for them if they have the opportunity.

How is all this illustrated in New York and in the status of the most distinguished citizen of that State? First of all, it is clear that national issues which have been the fighting-ground through Congress for years were not the factors of the canvass. Except on the tariff, it was difficult to frame up any distinct general issue that aroused the voters; and on the tariff a large number of New York Republicans evidently disbelieved their own State platform, while the Democratic candidate was a protected manufacturer. The real interest of the New York campaign was heightened by the fact that both candidates were men of high standing and independent minds. For once the voters of New York had the cheering confidence that whoever was elected they would get a real Governor. And New York during the last four years has shown that it likes a real executive in the person of Governor Hughes.

Throughout the campaign the press, whose business it is to know what its readers find interesting, devoted much less attention to issues, or to the prospects in the various States, than to the one conspicuous individual who was not a candidate for any public office: Theodore Roosevelt, as is his

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wont, forced the fighting, made an issue and propelled it into the campaign. That issue was the right of the Republican party to succeed, as standing for the interests of the people at large. He compelled his party in New York to popularize itself; East and West he held up the principle of popularization; he iterated and reiterated the trustworthiness of the Republican party, *if* the right influences could control it.

Many friends of the ex-President were sincerely grieved at the tone which he adopted on the stump. Anybody who has ever had any taste of campaign speaking knows how preposterous and sordid to the man arguing for a party seem the arguments and the leaders on the other side. Yet a practised boxer of long standing ought to be able to give and take hard blows without bitterness; and no votes were made and some were lost by personal attacks upon men like Judge Baldwin, Judge Harmon and Mr. Dix, all of whom have a reputation and character which cannot be overset by temporary campaign charges. That works both ways: What shall be said of the violent and prejudiced attacks of a part of the press on an ex-President whose whole public life has been in the open and who has stood steadily for uprightness in the public service? Undoubtedly one finds in some circles men, mostly not in public life, who have sincerely admired ex-President Roosevelt, a slackening of affection or a downright disapproval which might perhaps be measured by two or three thousand votes—principally in New York City. They do not affect the immediate and practical question, which is, how does Theodore Roosevelt stand in the mind of the voters in New York State and throughout the country?

The American people is undoubtedly fickle in its attachments: Admiral Dewey was one week a national hero and the next the uncomfortable possessor of a dower right in a house presented to him by his admirers; Mr. Bryan was yesterday the exponent of his party and to-day cannot carry his ward; President Cleveland was in one administration the boldest leader of reform and in another could not keep his party from running ashore on the rocks of free silver. But Grover Cleveland lived to recover, as Bryan may well recover in men's estimation, the place of sage. Colonel Roosevelt may have lost some friends; but, strange as it may seem to the people who hate him, no man in the country

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at the present moment has one-tenth the personal friends, admirers and believers as firmly adhere to Theodore Roosevelt. He is the only public man known by sight and sound literally to millions of people, most of whom feel a proprietary interest in him.

His entry into New York politics was as manly and courageous as anything he ever did; he threw the weight of his confessedly great influence in support of the Governor who was trying to advantage the State and save his party by popularizing the nomination machinery. Colonel Roosevelt had nothing personal to gain; he went into the contest for the sake of the people of New York. Flouted by the Legislature, his fighting blood was aroused, and he accepted a challenge thrown down to him by Barnes, Woodruff and the other leaders on the question of the State chairmanship. Whatever may be said for regularity and precedent (the precedent to which Mr. Barnes appealed was all of two years old) Mr. Roosevelt performed a public service when he set up and fought through the principle that the Republican voters in his State had the right to decide on the organization and detail of their own State convention. By appealing to his friends throughout the State he defeated the organization with its own weapons. Perhaps if left to themselves the Regulars would have nominated a good candidate, but Roosevelt assured a good candidate and called public attention to the fact that his candidate was a man free from obligations to the managers. Are Roosevelt's enemies in his own party to-day more popular than he? Have they shown a greater right to be trusted?

Having thus taken the responsibility, Colonel Roosevelt became for the time being virtually the Republican boss of the State, and he threw himself into the struggle with all his mighty might. Perhaps he counted too much on the secondary effect of personal interest and affection. It is one thing to say, "Vote for me; you know me"; and quite another thing to say, "Vote for my friend Harry Stimson; you know me!" Nevertheless, there must have been some powerful interest at work in New York which reduced the Democratic plurality to 67,000. Twenty years ago it was 192,000; in comparison with New Jersey or Massachusetts, it should have been 300,000. It is hard to resist the conclusion that if Roosevelt had not thrown himself into

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the campaign an inferior Democratic candidate might have been elected who would have gone into office weighed down with pledges to the worst elements of his party.

This service to the State and the Republican party Colonel Roosevelt multiplied in the other States. His enemies say that he demoralized and weakened the party wherever he spoke. Was it his voice that overturned Maine, the first brick in the row to go down? Governor-elect Tener found a sufficient expression of the unfriendliness of the people of Pennsylvania without any aid from Roosevelt's presence. The truth is that in the election of 1910 the personal element ruled. The Democrats had several national figures: the whole country listened to Judge Baldwin, to Woodrow Wilson and to Judge Harmon. On the Republican side there was no corresponding candidate who excited national interest. Cannon and his friends were on the defensive; La Follette was the only Senator whose fight for renomination much appealed to people outside his State. Roosevelt almost alone furnished the dramatic and intense element on that side. He vitalized the whole contest. Doubtless he had a sense of the favor which the party had shown him, a gentleman's conception of a duty to his friends and supporters. No other Republican attempted or performed anything like his service in keeping the party together, in asserting its strength and continuance, even though the other side was plainly gaining ground. The party service, however, was not the main motive—he felt like the counsellor of Sir Philip Sidney: "If you hear of a good war, go to it!"

Outside of the political canvass Roosevelt's Western trip, and particularly his announcement of the New Nationalism at Osawatomie, brought him into the public eyes as the formulator of a policy for his party. While President, Roosevelt was almost the only man in Washington who understood that the Republican party could not remain in office without a majority of the voters behind it, and that to retain that majority it must shake off the tradition that it represents the interests. Of the seventeen planks of the Osawatomie platform some have already been accepted by the Republican party, such as the tariff Commission and publicity of corporations; others, like the graduated income tax, will have to be accepted if the experience of other conservative countries proves anything; others, like the recall, are debatable. Most of them must reappear

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in the Republican platform of 1912 if that party is to have any chance of success—and the country knows who put them into compact form and gave them a name to conjure with.

Wall Street, and the Eastern press in general, little understand either the grounds or the extent of Roosevelt's popularity in the West, in the South and among thousands of voters in the East. That popularity does not rest alone upon his regard or disregard for the amenities of campaigning, nor on the wisdom or unwisdom of his New Nationalism; but on the belief that he is a straightforward, honest man who, so far as he sees it, represents the common weal. There is no evidence that his popularity is essentially weakened by the defeat of his party, especially when he was not a candidate and when his policies and principles were not contested in his own party.

This brings up very sharply the probable grouping of parties and personalities for the Presidential campaign of 1912. It is easy to see that the Democratic candidate must come from some of the successful Democratic leaders in the Middle States: Gaynor, if his health is restored, or Woodrow Wilson or Harmon—most likely one or other of those three, depending on the outcome of the next year and a half. On the Republican side there is just one man outside the White House who stands at present in relief before the public. Nobody expects the nomination of Mr. Aldrich, or Mr. Lodge, or Mr. Cannon, or Governor Tener. A Progressive leader like La Follette would encounter obstinate blood feuds in his party. The Republican first in the thought of most Republicans, even of the Stand-patters, is Theodore Roosevelt. Leaving out of account his previous history, it is a fair question what Republican appears to have done most during the year 1910 for the perpetuity of his party and the welfare of his country. Who has done most to formulate principles? Who has made most impression on the voters? The Progressives a year ago were outlaws fighting for existence; in this campaign they were the dominant power in the Republican party. What great Republican is most closely identified with the Progressives?

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

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A CRUSADE FOR THE CHILD

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

It is the unreflecting citizen of the United States who has the comfortable habit of regarding his country not only as a proven and perfected experiment in democracy, but as, in fact, the light of the world. On the other hand, there are patriots bewildered, concerned, but not yet disheartened, who are busy discovering what especial kind of redemption their country needs in order that she may some day more nearly realize the unreflecting citizen's idea of her. This thoughtful and disinterested class may well consider an opportunity that now exists for this country to justify her name and heritage, even perhaps to qualify as a moral leader of nations:—the opportunity, first of acknowledging, then of supremely fulfilling, her guardianship of the child. In the wiser ages to come, nations will apply an altered scale of importance to those matters considered in their councils; and it is safe to assume that the country that shall first have learned how in every sense to guard its children will be held in high and lasting honor.

The way is definitely open. The world is becoming aware of its negligence and blindness. Already our own country has given many hopeful signs of an increasingly uneasy conscience. For twenty-five years or more, whether as scientists, as artists or as sentimental amateurs, we have been more or less profitably engaged in "studying the child." And it is probably from the child himself that the present impetus has come. Having learned, albeit with no little self-consciousness, a reverent approach to the "shy fairyland within our doors"—having cultivated the acquaintance, that is to say, of the normal, sheltered child—we have learned from him the tenderness and the courage necessary to face those less agreeable aspects of child life that we had long since permitted and turned our backs upon; so that

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latterly a fairly definite consciousness is spreading of the child in factory harness, the child adventurer of the city streets, the child who is the unnecessary victim of disease. And now, tardily, the conviction is gaining ground that it is time to do something—to free the child, to make him well, to help him to adapt himself to life.

Those who are already devoting their energies to the incipient crusade for the child must experience a peculiar, an even unique satisfaction in the knowledge that their issue cannot be challenged. Nor need they fear that they themselves will ever know the subtle discomfiture of coming to see an opposite side of their own argument. The child question, as we have slowly come to see it, is not, like the "woman question," the labor question and other hard-used subjects of dispute, debatable. Or, at least, it will never be debated publicly. It is not conceivable that orators will ever mount platforms and contend that the soundness of a nation's children is an unimportant matter—that it is even anything less than the supremely important matter. It is hardly likely that even among classes of the emptiest leisure anti-health or anti-education movements will manifest themselves. Two or three generations ago there may have been adults who believed that one's whole duty to a child was done if one forced him to spend his tender years standing in a dismal slough of silence—asking no questions, denying the innocent shrill call of adventure and experiment, respectfully awaiting his emergence into maturity. But even that attitude has passed. Every sane human being must wish to see a healthy, natural, happy childhood secured for all children. And, of course, in order to bring this about, it is the beginnings of life that must primarily be considered. Yet this fact is by no means accepted as a commonplace. It has even seemed to some minds more important to agitate in favor of an increased birth-rate than to urge the protection of children already born;—and this in face of an enormous, and admittedly greatly reducible, infant mortality and of the preventable enfeeblement (through ignorance and wrong conditions) of a very large proportion of the children that survive.

Wise, effective agencies that will in time be greatly multiplied are, of course, already in operation; agencies that, like the health and school boards of our cities, tend toward direct accomplishment rather than (as in the case of charity

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organizations, hospitals, and so forth) toward amelioration, merely. The Department of Health of New York City has, for instance, maintained for several years a Department of Child Hygiene under the direction of Dr. Josephine Baker. Dr. Baker, in her work, has gone at the heart of the matter in declaring that "the right of the child to be safeguarded at its birth is self-evident." But this soundly elementary principle is of very recent application. For instance, until, three years ago, this new department took the matter rigidly and capably in hand there was absolutely no regulation whatever through all the vast tenement districts of New York City of the practice of midwifery. Besides this the department conducts a vitally necessary educational campaign among the mothers of the tenements; it holds lectures for the precociously responsible "little mothers"—girls of twelve and fourteen who are much more assimilative than the women; it sends out trained nurses and medical inspectors to the homes of the poor; it conducts a systematic medical inspection of school children, accomplishing, among other things, the exclusion of contagious diseases from the schools; it has charge of the issuing of employment certificates, or "working-papers," to youthful applicants; and it looks out for several thousand waifs who are "boarded out" in city homes. It would be hard to indicate any branch of the municipal service that is less dispensable than this.

Always, of course, the agencies about which most is known and least, therefore, needs to be said are those that are explicitly educational. We all know that the school has been a fetish in this country, an institution that the public insisted on generations before it dreamed of concerning itself as to the condition of the children who went to school or in fact as to what they learned there. We have even at times been content to regard the school as a mammoth machinery of Discipline. But the rather touchingly superstitious belief in sums, spelling-books and intimidation as providing an equipment for life has of late years waned somewhat; and probably everybody nowadays is aware of the effort that is being made to provide for the less fortunate children of the country something more vital than the old stereotyped training; and to do this not only for the approximately normal, but for the physically and mentally deficient. So that because of the far greater familiarity of the subject, there is less resistance to be overcome in modifying and adapting the

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school system than in any other work that is being done for children.

But there is also coming to be a warm popular responsiveness to the work of the Child Labor Committees, the very existence of which, of course, sufficiently indicates our present appalling distance from any real achievement in protecting the child. The day that the Child Labor Committees disband will be a favorable occasion for the display of the national complacency that is never even now unready to come to the surface. It may be that the general interest in this subject is not yet so intense that the details of the laws affecting it are entirely familiar; nevertheless, it is generally known that children in New York State are prohibited from undertaking regular employment under fourteen years of age—a regulation that, what with the need and the avarice of parents, the contagious restiveness of the boys and girls themselves, and the unscrupulousness of employers, calls for exceptionally firm enforcement. It would probably be impossible to spend a day in any city without seeing violations of it; while the obscurer wretchedness of child labor in the tenement homes, which until recently the law has not been construed as reaching, is only now beginning to be unearthed. But those who have the matter most at heart are already looking even beyond the existing law and are trying to postpone the legal working-age for children from fourteen to sixteen. These two impressionable years are, investigators assert, of little or no service to the child as the foundation of his subsequent wage-earning power; while they are precious to the schools because the teaching that can be given during that period is regarded as peculiarly important.

It may be that Juvenile Courts should be included among the agencies that are going to make children sound and happy, though their inclusion gives the category an ironical and melancholy cast. For the frequent misdemeanors of its children the city that fails to give them proper homes, proper food, proper playgrounds, plenty of schools, adequate protection from disease,—as well as companions who have had the benefit of similar conditions,—is, of course, responsible; yet it is the children themselves who pay the penalty. It would naturally be supposed that a court for children, with punitive functions, would be the last desperate resort of a society that had already spent itself in the effort to protect

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the health and happiness and innocence of childhood. Yet with us these impulses seem to have been reversed. Children were sent to prison before playgrounds were thought of. However, experts who have given devoted study to this subject believe that when Juvenile Courts shall have been still further modified and humanized, when there shall be permanent rather than rotationary tenure of the judge's office, and when the qualities of character indispensable to this position shall be fully realized, then the thousands of unhappy little "delinquents" that yearly file in and out of the court-room may be really improved by the experience. The present situation is, of course, vastly in advance of the former unspeakable one; and it is believed that by a free and unprejudiced comparison of the New York court with those in other cities where possibly more has been accomplished, great good will result.

One other valiant effort toward the conservation of child life has taken the form of a tendency to do away with, or at least to modify, orphanages and children's "Homes" in the form in which these have heretofore existed; and, instead, to place homeless children to board with women who prove themselves able to undertake this responsibility. Recent investigators have agreed with the significant remark of Dr. Josephine Baker that, "in spite of all possible care, the mortality in the foundling asylum is much greater than in the tenement homes." Individual students of the subject have their own theories in regard to this curious and pitiful fact. A popular and possibly sentimentalized explanation is to the effect that children are unable to survive the lack of personal maternal care. But any one who has observed the very casual attention that over-worked, under-developed tenement mothers have in most cases to give their young may reasonably marvel that children should actually die for the lack of this almost purely nominal "mothering." Mrs. Meynell, that most sympathetic interpreter of childhood, has remarked: "The merriest of all children are those, much pitied, who are brought up neither in a family nor in a public home by paid guardians, but in a place of charity, rightly named, where impartial, unalterable and impersonal devotion has them in hand." But such "places of charity" as this are surely not numerous enough to complicate the problem. So upon whatever theory institutions for young homeless children may be abolished, any humane person

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who has ever seen, against its unmitigatedly joyless background, a long, languid, horribly submissive line of gingham pinafores under sallow, unsmiling, incurious baby faces,—must admit that the sooner "Homes" are done away with the better. It may, after all, be true that what a child most suffers from is imprisonment; and that independently of whether he be given food enough, clothes enough or facts enough, what he chiefly needs is to feel himself in some kind of direct personal relation with life. And this experience, even if under harsh and cruel conditions, the wretchedest tenement can offer him and the most highly organized institution cannot.

An interesting offshoot of these associated phases of a so far uncentralized and unformulated endeavor is the Child Welfare Exhibit to be held in New York City in January. It has been observed that messages of vital import to the many do not get very far if they are merely staidly set down in print; and that however effectively spoken or shouted, they are still only half understood or vaguely remembered. Properly to impress their audience, they have to be brought to the market-place and told through symbols that must be both simple and startling. What Miss Jane Addams calls "dramatized statistics" have become an accepted educational medium, the secret being, of course, that the indolent or untrained mind refuses to make the effort to translate the abstract into the concrete, however greatly it might benefit from this simple exercise. But it is usually the untrained mind, as in the case of the various successful "tuberculosis exhibits," that it is most important to "reach." So the organizers of such an enterprise patiently predigest their information and place it where the ensnared public may swallow it at a convenient gulp.

On this basis a very considerable number of men and women already engaged in educational or philanthropic work joined together, first, to conduct an investigation of child life in New York that should be as thorough as possible; and, second, to arrange a display in which the results of this investigation, and the deductions to be drawn from them, should be written very largely and conspicuously indeed—in words, in figures, in diagrams, in photographs, in symbolic miniature representations. The exhibit, notable in being the first of its kind, is going to cover a great deal of tremendously important ground. It will tell about the

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city schools; and about both those children for whom there is room and those for whom there is not. It will tell about the children who, fed always from some mysterious and vital source of gayety, play all day long in the health-destroying, evilly sophisticated confinement of the city streets; and about those who not uncheerfully make their dismal livings there. It will show the drudgery imposed upon young children by their parents, as well as the kinds of labor open to the fourteen-year-old child and the difficulties of his advancement. It will tell the story of the city's few playgrounds and point out their lack of any proper relation to the number of the schools. It will tell what the Children's Court has done and describe those in other cities from which it might borrow helpful suggestions. It will describe the vast work that the settlements are doing and have done for the child; and it will celebrate the effort now being made to teach mothers how to care for their own babies, undoubtedly the most important work of all. There are still traces of the superstition that this exact knowledge comes instinctively to mothers; that it is a kind of divine anointment; whereas, of course, the pitiful truth is that no other responsibility in the world is so frequently and tragically bungled; and that the training of all others most imperatively needed, surely in the tenements, probably also to a large extent outside them, is that of mothers in motherhood.

All the lines of work that have so far been indicated, as well as many others that have not, are of solid, far-reaching good. But those who feel most deeply the importance of child-saving insist that there are additional measures that should be undertaken without loss of time. It is urged, for instance, as a matter of immediate necessity, that State relief be provided for impoverished widowed mothers with families of young children. Miss Addams, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, sufficiently indicated the horrors of the present situation and pointed out the inadequacy of Day Nurseries in solving so serious a problem. Generally speaking, a mother cannot protect her children in even the crudest sense and at the same time earn the money for their support. If she is allowed to remain in her dreadful dilemma, the children of such a family are therefore practically wasted, lost to the State.

A measure that would cover this and other difficulties and

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for which much might rationally be urged is State endowment of motherhood. But an innovation so radical as this would naturally have to defer in point of time to others of readier acceptance.

But there is general agreement that an admirable point of departure for all further reforms in this general direction would be the passage of the bill, now for some time pending in Congress, recommending a Federal Children's Bureau. This measure was originally the conception of Miss Lillian D. Wald, of the Henry Street Settlement of New York City, but has since been urged by practically all persons equipped to discuss the subject with authority. It is conceded that such an institution would be a very great aid to all workers for the good of the child and that it would also operate as a moral force, a deterrent of injustice. It is proposed that the bureau be under the Department of the Interior and that it investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children, particularly upon the following points: infant mortality, the birth-rate, physical degeneracy, orphanage, juvenile delinquency and juvenile courts, desertion and illegitimacy, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children of the working-classes, employment, legislation affecting children, and so forth. While the power of the Federal Government to legislate in regard to children is very limited, it can aid greatly by authorizing competent investigations, by issuing authentic statements of fact, and by serving as a clearing-house of information.

Some such need has already been dimly felt in England, where in April, 1909, a so-called Children's Charter became operative. This was a "codification, consolidation and extension" of existing legislation concerning children. It could scarcely, therefore, be considered a radical advance, although it repealed in their entirety twenty-one previous acts and in part seventeen others. But it showed a perception that the needs of the child are distinct from those of the adult.

All the social, physical, moral, intellectual possibilities whose attainment a State may profess to desire are latent in the frail and susceptible bodies of its children. For the sake, therefore, not alone of its prestige or dominance, but of its very existence—apart from all considerations of sentiment—it is obviously bound to guard, by every means it can, its helpless future self.

Olivia Howard Dunbar.

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THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

BY BRITANNICUS

FROM whatever standpoint one regards it, the recent General Election must be classed among the most momentous that Great Britain has ever known. Writing in the very middle of the tumult, I can do no more than attempt an impartial summary of the issues upon which the people have been invited to pronounce. Even that is no easy task. For the questions to which an answer is being sought by the rough-and-ready mechanism of a General Election are questions that go right down to the roots of representative government. What is the place that a Second Chamber should occupy in the general scheme of the British State? With what powers should it be endowed? How ought it to be composed? In the event of an otherwise unbreakable deadlock between the two Chambers that together form the British Parliament, is the Referendum an instrument that may fittingly be invoked or should it not rather be shunned as a device wholly incongruous with the British system of Cabinet government? Such are some of the issues on which by the time this article appears in print the British electorate will have returned a more or less definite verdict. It is clearly impossible to exaggerate their gravity. More vital or more contentious problems have never yet been submitted to the judgment of any modern democracy. To many Englishmen they are problems that appear fundamentally unsuited to the frenzied, confused and partisan arbitrament of a political campaign. Men of dispassionate minds are at once revolted and humiliated by the spectacle of Great Britain, with her proud and placid claim to sanity and moderation in her politics, plunging into the turmoil of a General Election in a wild effort to evolve from the clash and collision of parties what is hardly less than a new organic act of government. Was that, they ask, how

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Americans set about the business of framing their Constitution? Does it not register a clear decline in British political capacity that the attempt to settle these infinitely complex, fateful and delicate matters by compromise has broken down and that they are now being referred to the furious claptrap, the incurable mendacities and distortions, the unreasoning clamor, of an "appeal to the country"? But disgust is not the only emotion with which average Englishmen find themselves in a position so little worthy of their past. There are many thousands of them who view with positive alarm the progress of a struggle to readjust the British Constitution by partisan violence. They do not believe that any permanent solution of such a problem can be reached by such methods or that it is possible for any one party, or any combination of groups, to remodel the institutions of the country simply to serve its own interests and against the firm and reasoned convictions of practically half the electorate; and they seriously and not unjustifiably fear that any such endeavor, if persisted in, must bring the nation within measurable distance of a terrible convulsion.

To analyze with any fulness the nature and causes of the crisis in which Great Britain is destined to be engulfed for many months, and perhaps for many years to come, one would have to review the developments of British politics for the last two and a half decades at least. One would have to trace in the Conservative party the growth of the principle of ascendency; one would have to show how it became dominated by Imperialism and infected by the spirit and ideals of Militarism; how it fell under the grip of "special interests" and suddenly unfurled the tattered flag of Protection; how it grew to represent in the main the "class consciousness" of the men of wealth and possessions and showed subtle but unmistakable signs of losing touch with the democracy; how, whether consciously or not, it essayed to buttress and consolidate "property" as the dominant fact in the social and political life of the country. And among the Liberals one would have to trace a great widening and transformation of ideals under the pressure of searching criticisms of the existing industrial order; an abandonment of the work of political reconstruction to which Gladstone devoted most of his life and a concentration upon the work of social and economic reconstruction; a growing realization of the extent to which England is ruled by mo-

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nopolies in general and by a land monopoly in particular; a determination to break down these strongholds of vested interests, and to capture their "unearned increments" or "monopoly values" for the benefit of the community; a more zealous and discriminating sensitiveness to the "condition of England" question, to the evils of poverty, to the problems of the Poor Law, of Old-age Pensions, of invalidity and unemployment, of securing a national minimum of subsistence. All this one would have to explore at length, and it would be a fascinating undertaking. But for the moment it may perhaps be enough to indicate that an opposition in spirit and ideals and fundamental views of the proper constitution of society had thus grown up between English Conservatism and English Liberalism in the past five-and-twenty years, an opposition so deep and absolute that it was bound to provoke a sharp collision on the first occasion. The occasion came in 1906 when the Liberals, after being out of office for practically twenty years, came back to power in overwhelming force and at once began to embody their new conceptions and aspirations in the form of legislation. Beaten at the polls, outvoted in the Commons, the Conservatives fell back on the House of Lords. They used the hereditary Chamber to check and harass the Liberals and to protect those privileged interests that the Liberals were bent on attacking. Liberal measures dealing with education, with land valuation, with plural voting, and with licensing reform were either rejected by the Lords outright or so mutilated that they had to be abandoned. Other and not less urgent problems the Liberals felt debarred from tackling, because they were aware beforehand that their solutions would be found unacceptable to the hereditary House. Finally in 1909 the Lords capped their work of obstruction by rejecting the Budget and forcing a dissolution. The issue was then sharply joined. Liberals woke once and for all to the fact that the task of political and constitutional amendment had not been finally completed by Mr. Gladstone, and that it was necessary to suspend their programme of social and industrial reform and concentrate on the single question of removing the handicap imposed upon their Parliamentary effectiveness by the presence of an Upper Chamber permanently controlled by their political opponents.

What the Liberals demand, and what in the long run

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they will undoubtedly succeed in obtaining, is an equality of legislative opportunity. They insist that they must possess as good a chance or as bad a chance of passing their bills into law as the Conservatives possess. As things are now the two parties are not on the same footing. The one holds a position of perpetual privilege and the other a position of perpetual disability. When the Conservatives are in power the House of Lords practically effaces itself and sinks into a mere ratifying Chamber, without apparently any will or initiative of its own, always accepting, and hardly ever even amending, the measures sent up to it. It automatically endorses whatever the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons ask it to endorse; it forgets altogether that it is supposed to be a revisory and suspensory branch of the legislature; it becomes a mere annex to the Carlton Club. But directly a Liberal Government comes into office, the Lords wake up; they are immediately on the *qui vive;* their constitutional prerogatives are resurrected at once; they jealously scrutinize all Liberal bills and do not hesitate to reject or mutilate them at will. It is thus open to the Conservatives, whether they are in or out of office, whether the country is for them or against them, to exercise an influence over the course of legislation that is denied to Liberals. Why, it is asked, should the Liberals live to some extent on sufferance while the Conservatives lead an unhampered existence? Why should the latter be able to claim a free passage for their measures through the Lords as a right, when the Liberals are obliged to regard any such facilities in their own case, when they are not withheld altogether, as a favor, an indulgence, almost indeed a surprise? Why should Liberalism, representing sometimes more than a half, and always only a little less than a half, of the entire electorate, be placed by comparison with its chief rival at a substantial and permanent disadvantage? What reason is there why a Conservative vote should always count for more than a Liberal vote, or why a Conservative Government should be free to spend its whole time writing Conservative measures on the Statute Book while a Liberal Government is liable to see the work of long and laborious sessions undone in a couple of days by the House of Lords? Is there not in such a situation something perilous to the system of party government, something that, unless corrected, will lead to a bitter conflict not of parties, but of classes?

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From the dialectical point of view such questions as these are unanswerable. No Conservative dare get up and proclaim that the Conservative party is a superior political caste, enjoying as of right privileges and opportunities that ought to be withheld from Liberals. The reality and legitimacy of the Liberal grievance are, so far as I can judge, freely admitted by the great bulk of Englishmen. It is, of course, true enough that in all countries and under all schemes of government the Upper Chamber, whether hereditary or elective or a mixture of both, is bound to be more conservative in tone and sympathies than the Lower Chamber; and that Liberalism, therefore, must expect to find its measures treated in the House of Lords with a harshness which the measures of the opposite party necessarily escape. It is true also that though permanently controlled by, and permanently, therefore, biased in favor of, the Conservative party, the House of Lords has, on the whole, shown itself remarkably responsive to public opinion and has used its unique powers with commendable moderation. It is true again that the House of Lords has more than once proved a better judge of national opinion than a Liberal House of Commons; and it is also true that of the 238 bills sent up to the Lords between 1906 and 1909, only six were rejected, and that of these six there was only one that was not regarded with either active dislike or tepid unconcern by the country at large. But to scale down the Liberal case against the House of Lords to rational proportions is not to deny its essential validity. When all is said and done, it remains the fact that in order to reach the Statute Book the Liberals have to overcome obstacles that are artificial, that no efforts of their own can remove, and that do not operate against the Conservatives. In four or five directions, wherever, indeed, the Peers suspect that the interests of the Church or of the Conservative party or of the landlords or of the liquor trade or of the Irish Unionists are likely to be prejudiced, the Liberals find the road of advance pretty well blocked. In other directions it is no doubt true enough that they are permitted as much freedom of action as the Conservatives possess. The House of Lords has never been behindhand in co-operating in the work of social and industrial betterment. Such measures as the Old-age Pensions Act, or Acts protecting working-men, or reforming the Poor Law, or conferring special and highly valued

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rights on Trade Unions, or bringing into existence a national scheme of insurance against unemployment, or fixing upon employers a full liability for accidents—pass through the House of Lords as easily when proposed by a Liberal Government as when proposed by a Conservative Government. But if the Liberals wished, in accordance with the overwhelming desires of the Welsh people, to disestablish the Welsh Church; if they wished to release education from its clerical leading-strings and place it under popular control; if they wished to grant Ireland Home Rule or to abolish the anomaly of plural voting or to annex to the State a fair proportion of the monopoly values of liquor licenses or to tax land values, then, whatever their majority, with the House of Lords as it is now, they would find themselves impotent to carry out their purposes. All proposals looking to these ends would be virtually certain of rejection by the Lords, and to give effect to them the Liberals would be compelled to seek renewed authority from the people by means of a series of dissolutions. This constitutes a just and deeply felt grievance and Liberals are determined to make and end of it. They are more determined than ever after the unprecedented action taken by the Lords fourteen months ago in rejecting the Budget—an action which was a clear violation of the spirit and traditions of the British Constitution, and which, if it became the normal practice, would snatch the control of the purse from the elected representatives of the people and make the hereditary and indissoluble Chamber the decisive authority in the State with power of life and death over all future Liberal Cabinets. After their experiences of the past five years the Liberals feel that it is essential to their self-respect and to their effectiveness as a party that the disabilities under which they have suffered should now once and for all be removed.

But how are they to be removed? In what way are Liberals and Conservatives to be placed on a Parliamentary equality? There are, roughly speaking, two ways. One is to so restrict the powers of the House of Lords that it will be equally impotent whatever party is in office. The other is to reform the composition of the House of Lords so that Liberals and Conservatives may stand an equal chance of obtaining a majority in it. Of these two alternatives the Liberals have chosen the former. That is to say, their solution of the House of Lords question is the destruction

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or the paring away of its legislative prerogatives. They embodied this solution in a series of Resolutions that were adopted by the House of Commons last April by majorities of over a hundred. Their programme divides itself into three parts. The first part deprives the House of Lords of all power in matters of finance and makes it impossible for the Peers ever again to act as they acted in November, 1909, when they threw out the Budget. Henceforward a Money Bill which is certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be only a Money Bill—that is, to contain no provisions that are not purely financial—will become law within a month after it reaches the House of Lords whether the Peers assent to it or not. There is a great deal that might be said for and against this proceeding, but there is the less need to say it as the Lords have virtually accepted the principle of the absolute supremacy of the House of Commons in finance and all that remains to be adjusted is a few matters of detail. I pass on, therefore, to the second and by far the most momentous part of the Liberal programme—the part which strictly limits the powers of the House of Lords in dealing with ordinary, non-financial legislation. Its essence is that any measure which passes the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions and is rejected by the House of Lords in each of these sessions shall become law on receiving the Royal Assent, provided that two years have elapsed between its first introduction and its third and final passage through the House of Commons. It is round this proposal that the battle has chiefly raged; and to judge it fairly one must remember that the Liberals, in the third part of their programme, propose to restrict the duration of Parliament to five instead of seven years—which means, in practice, that in each Parliament there will not be more than four working sessions. Now one can at least say of this programme that it achieves its object. It effectually gets rid of the obstacles hitherto opposed by the Lords to Liberal legislation, and by doing so it puts both the chief parties on a substantial equality. The Lords, under the Liberal scheme, may debate, may criticise, may delay the passage of a bill for two years, may suggest amendments—and the amendments, if accepted by the Government, will be incorporated in the bill; but they may not throw it out or submit it to the judgment of the electorate; when the two years have expired, it becomes law whether

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they assent to it or not. The Conservatives maintain that this is to place Great Britain on what is virtually a single-Chamber basis, and that a determined Minister or a determined faction will henceforward be able to force through Parliament any measure, however revolutionary and however much opposed by the opinion of the country. They declare that every argument in favor of a strong Second Chamber, with effective powers not only of amendment and delay, but of rejection, acquires a double force when applied to British conditions, because in Great Britain there is no written Constitution to serve as a touchstone for any and every Act of Parliament, nothing that in any way corresponds to the Presidential veto or the powers of the Supreme Court; Parliament is omnipotent and can do everything that is physically possible, and in Parliament the decisive control of affairs is exercised by the Cabinet, which, owing to the growing inability of the House of Commons to grapple with the enormous and expanding business intrusted to its care, is more and more forced to legislate by executive decree. They assert that to do as the Liberals propose to do—to take away from the House of Lords the only power that can make a Second Chamber a reality and not a sham—is in effect to abolish the right of the people to say whether a given measure does or does not meet with their approval and to expose the fortunes of the country to the manipulation of a chance and heterogeneous majority in the Lower House. They deride the Liberal contention that the proposed two years' interval would effectually prevent hasty, unpopular or revolutionary legislation. They argue that opinion outside the House is too mutable, the power of the party system inside it is too rigid, and the tenacity of minorities—and especially of minorities that hold the Government in their grasp—too great, to make the safeguard on which Liberals rely anything but illusory. Imagine, they exclaim, a Liberal Government dependent for its very existence upon Nationalist votes and bringing in a Home Rule Bill. Is it conceivable that, however greatly popular sentiment might be roused against the measure, they would be permitted by their House of Commons allies to drop it after it had once secured a majority in the Lower House? The Conservatives contend that there is no bill, however revolutionary, that would not be practically certain of reaching the Statute Book under such conditions. They

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point out that Liberals have always complained that the country was virtually on a single-Chamber basis whenever the Conservatives were in power, and that they now propose to perpetuate the very abuse they have hitherto denounced. They insist that the form of government which the Liberals are endeavoring to erect is precisely the form on which history has pronounced its most decisive condemnation. And how, they ask, is effect to be given to the Liberal plan? Nobody imagines that the Lords will quietly submit to the extinction of their legislative powers. In what way, then, are they to be coerced? The answer is that the Liberals, assuming that the elections which are now in progress result in a Liberal victory, will approach the Crown and request permission to create the five hundred Peers or so who will be needed to carry their programme through the Upper House. Is that, ask the Conservatives, what the British people desire? Do they wish to see the King dragged into the arena of party politics, or legislation passed by such methods of violence, or the ancient Constitution subverted in order to clear a way to Irish Home Rule and predatory Socialism?

But what is the alternative that the Conservatives themselves propose? Roughly it may be described as a reform of the House of Lords from within, the surrender of the veto on finance, the retention of all other legislative powers intact, the provision of joint sessions for ordinary matters of dispute between the two Houses and the adoption of the Referendum where questions of the gravest moment are involved. One of the obvious blots on the Liberal programme is that it leaves the House of Lords absolutely unreformed. Believing that to reform it is to make it stronger, more assertive and a greater obstacle in their path, the Liberals have put off the question of its reconstruction from within until its prerogatives have been effectually truncated from without. After they have left it nothing to do that is worth doing, they will then consider how a perfect Second Chamber may be evolved to do it; after making it politically impotent they may then pass on to make it personally efficient. The Conservatives maintain that this is putting the cart before the horse and that it is impossible to determine the powers of a legislative Chamber when nobody knows how it is to be composed. They have, therefore, addressed themselves to the problem of its internal reconstruction, with a view

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to removing the shortcomings that all Englishmen have long agreed in recognizing in the House of Lords. Those shortcomings are its unwieldiness, its dependence upon the hereditary principle, the fact that many of its members have neither aptitude nor inclination for politics, its overwhelming inclination, both in numbers and in sentiment, towards the Conservative side, and its aloofness not so much from public opinion as from the processes by which in a democracy public opinion is made known and operative. At the instigation of Lord Rosebery the Peers have passed a series of Resolutions to remedy these defects. They have resolved that a seat in the House of Lords shall no longer descend from sire to son with the family title and estates; in other words, they have abandoned the hereditary principle. The renovated Chamber which the Rosebery Resolutions foreshadow is a House of Lords reduced in point of numbers to between 300 and 400, with, say, one-half its members chosen by the whole body of the Peers from among their own order and with the remainder chosen or nominated from outside or sitting in the House by virtue of holding special offices. The House of Lords thus evolved would, the Conservatives claim, be a Second Chamber in which the present disparity between the two parties would be largely redressed, which would be brought into direct and recurring touch with public opinion, which would be strong in ability and experience, but not so strong as to dominate the House of Commons, which would be naturally and properly conservative in tone, but freed from dependence upon the Conservative party, and which would represent a free variety of classes and interests. But to all this the Liberals reply that the Rosebery Resolutions are nothing more than a coat of democratic varnish to mislead the electorate, that if they mean anything nobody can tell what they mean until the plan they hint at has been worked out in detail, that it would be perfectly possible to construct a House of Lords on the basis of the Rosebery Resolutions that would be just as partisan as the present Chamber, and that there is no guarantee and very little likelihood that Liberals would find themselves any better off or any nearer a status of equality in the new House than they are to-day. Very much the same criticisms are passed upon the proposal for Joint Sessions of Lords and Commons in the event of disagreement between the two Houses over minor matters. Joint

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Sessions are a device to which in itself Liberals have no objection, but they naturally wish to know how the Joint Sessions are to be composed, how many Lords and how many Commons are to participate in them, and what opportunities the Government of the day will have of influencing their decisions, before they rush to accept them as a satisfactory solution. So too with the Referendum which the Conservatives propose should be resorted to if differences of opinion over questions of grave moment arise between the Lords and the Commons. Who is to decide, ask the Liberals, what is and what is not a question of grave moment? Is it not certain that so long as the House of Lords commands an unvarying Conservative majority, the Referendum will only be invoked against Liberal measures? To this the Conservatives have replied that they are perfectly willing to submit the first constructive measure on their programme — namely, Tariff Reform — to the ordeal of a Referendum, and inquire whether the Liberals are equally ready to submit Home Rule. The Liberals have found it difficult to answer this highly pointed question and have sought refuge instead in denouncing the Referendum as a device that can only be grafted on to the British system at the cost of destroying the responsibility of Ministers and of Parliament, and of plunging the country into changes that would ultimately prove far more revolutionary than any that are involved in their own proposals. Speaking generally, one may, I think, assert that the Liberals are both suspicious and contemptuous of the Resolutions that the Lords in the last week of November adopted with such remarkable alacrity. They regard them as little more than electioneering dodges conceived in a moment of panic, proceeding from no real conviction, and intended not to redress the Liberal grievance, but to stereotype it under less assailable forms.

Such are the central issues of the conflict that is proceeding as I write, and however the election ends one may be sure that the conflict itself will continue. If the Liberals, as most Englishmen anticipate, are returned to power they will have to take in hand the formidable task of compelling the submission of the Lords by an extraordinary and, on such a scale, an unprecedented exercise of the Royal prerogatives. If the Conservatives win they will be obliged to proceed with the scarcely less formidable task of trans-

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lating the Resolutions adopted by the House of Lords into some practical scheme. Most moderate-minded Englishmen approve the goal the Liberals are aiming at—the goal of an effective legislative equality—but condemn the route they have chosen to reach it. They approve the general principle of the solution proposed by the Conservatives, but they see no evidence that the solution itself is sufficiently comprehensive to place Liberals and Conservatives on an equal footing. They are beginning, indeed, to doubt whether equality between the two parties can ever be achieved unless the Liberal plan is adopted or unless the House of Lords is turned into a purely elective Chamber. But on one point moderate Englishmen have never wavered, and that is that the tremendous issues now confronting the British people cannot be permanently settled except by consent. They look beyond the present delirium and beyond the barren period of tumult and confusion that lies immediately ahead, to a time when common sense will reassert itself and force upon both parties the inevitable and enduring compromise.

BRITANNICUS.

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THE PANAMA CANAL *VERSUS* AMERICAN SHIPPING

BY A. G. McLELLAN

In 1915, when the Panama Canal is thrown open to the water-borne commerce of the world, the present long-distance trade routes to the Pacific will perforce be abandoned in favor of the new short-distance routes which the opening of the Canal will bring in its wake.

Recognizing the fact that this desired state of affairs will be brought about wholly and solely through America's great expenditure in money, skill and labor, the question then naturally arises: Will America within a reasonable time, if at all, receive a return commensurate to its colossal undertaking and investment? The question again may be put in another way thus: Will the opening of the Canal give to American shipping the necessary stimulus which it stands so sadly in need of to-day?

Without in any way attempting to underestimate the value of the Canal to America as a nation, yet, when one contrasts American shipping ethics and methods with those of foreign nations, it is safe to assume that had the Panama Canal been taken in hand by a nation other than America little thought would be required in the answering of the foregoing questions.

Leaving aside the importance of the waterway in its relation to the political status of America, let us turn our thoughts to a particular industry — shipping — which will either stand or fall through the construction of it if the present-day antiquated shipping laws of America are not substituted by wise laws more suited to modern requirements. If at the time of the opening of the Canal American foreign-going shipping stands as it now is, we shall see the tonnage of other nations reaping the benefit of new short-distance trades at the expense of American enterprise.

European shippers and ship-owners with their accustomed

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foresight and energy in all things pertaining to merchant-ship tonnage will make a bold bid to establish new lucrative trades without being forced in any way to withdraw any of their tonnage from the present well-established trades.

Shipping, for purposes of this article, may be divided into three classes: foreign-going, coastal and naval. Dealing with foreign-going vessels first, we seem within measurable distance of the time when the word "extinction" will have to substitute "decline" when speaking of the American merchant marine. With shipping laws diametrically opposed to the existence or growth of its merchant tonnage, America, instead of giving its shipping industry protection, on the contrary seems bent on sweeping it to destruction.

While the present suicidal policy is being persistently followed out to the letter, foreign tonnage doing business with America tends steadily to increase, and this increase with the opening of the Panama Canal will only become greater, and that at the expense of American tonnage.

A study of the Suez Canal and what its opening meant to the small ship-owners of Europe ought to interest those holding office in America. What it did for European shipping the Panama Canal can do for American shipping if the problem is faced squarely and without loss of time.

The opening of the Suez Canal made it possible for small steamers ranging between three thousand and five thousand tons gross to engage in Eastern trades which hitherto were closed to them because the long distances required to be travelled swallowed up the profits on freights. This reduction in mileage will be repeated when the Panama Canal is declared open to navigation. Small steamers of the tonnage mentioned will pioneer a trade which at present is quite beyond their earning capacities, but which will be well within the margin of dividends when entrance to the Pacific is gained by passing through the Panama Canal instead of by the routes now followed—*via* Cape Horn or Straits of Magellan.

Roughly speaking, the distance by water from Europe to the principal ports of California and Oregon is about 14,000 miles and to the principal ports of Chile and Peru about 10,000 miles. Freights, at their present figure, make it impossible for small steamers of the tramp class to engage in trades which, owing to the long distances required to be travelled, offer no inducement to the owner of small steamers.

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But when the present 14,000-mile stretch is reduced to about 7,000 miles and the 10,000-mile stretch to 4,000 through gaining admittance into the Pacific *via* Panama instead of *via* Cape Horn, European ship-owners see at a glance that this tremendous reduction in mileage represents the difference between profit and loss, and they will not hesitate to send their small low-powered vessels into the Pacific to seek their fortunes.

Allowing that European tonnage instead of increasing remains stationary, what then will happen? The congested state of shipping now engaged in all Eastern trades will be greatly relieved by the temporary withdrawal of many vessels suited to the new trades which the Panama Canal will create. This cuts two ways. While the congestion out East is relieved by the withdrawal of tonnage, freights consequently must rise; and while this is taking place vessels which before only helped to spell confusion will then establish new trades which are bound to guarantee a profit. On the other hand, if at the time of the opening of the Panama Canal Eastern freights should show a tendency to rise or even remain steady, then no vessels of any consequence will be withdrawn from Eastern waters. Rather new and cheaply built small vessels of low power will crowd in and throttle any half-hearted efforts which American ship-owners, if the past is any criterion, are sure to make in their attempts to gain a footing in the Pacific. The time is now, and not after the opening of the Canal, when America should lay down the nucleus of a merchant marine sufficient in size to cope successfully with foreign merchant marines.

An expenditure of $500,000,000 on construction work, not to speak of labor, and so forth, has a right to demand some kind of return on the outlay. A nation which controls the greatest water highway in the world, in addition to owning many of the finest seaports, harbors and rivers, has a right to a leading position in the maritime world. America is such a nation, but up to the present has not claimed her rights. In the shipping world, on account of her expending all her energies in the development of her internal resources at the expense of her external, she holds no position worthy of consideration or recognition. This somewhat sad state of affairs is countenanced by the Government in its insistence on holding on to its present antiquated maritime laws.

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Without arguing for or against the following suggestions put forward in favor of the protection of the American merchant marine, either one or all of them ought to be adopted until such times as American merchant tonnage is of sufficient size to stand on its own feet without Government aid and is able to compete on equal footing with foreign shipping. It matters not the form Government aid takes, whether it be Government-owned lines, Government subsidy, preferential Canal dues to American vessels, reduction of the manning force at present required, or the repeal of the law which makes it illegal for foreign-built ships, but American owned, to fly the Stars and Stripes. If the last three suggestions only were carried out immediately they would probably go a long way toward helping to build up quite a respectable merchant marine by the time navigation through the Panama Canal is a reality.

The manning question deserves a little more than a passing reference. As the manning law now stands American ships are required to carry as members of the crew seven men over and above the number demanded by the British authorities in British ships.

This number—seven—is quoted for vessels of the smallest ocean-going tonnage and increases pro rata with tonnage. Considering the high wages paid to seamen in American ships in comparison to British or German seamen's wages, this in itself is a sufficient handicap, not to speak of the number of seamen required to be carried in American ships over and above the number enforced in the manning of British vessels. Now if the British authorities, who are old experienced hands at the shipping game, can allow their vessels to put to sea with at least seven hands less than American ships carry, then why cannot American ship-owners be allowed to reduce their crews to British standards?

The manning question is, of course, only a small matter, but when it concerns a ship-owner running a number of small vessels only, it may mean the difference between profit and loss to him, especially if there is a depression in freights. The remedy to prevent the decline or the total extinction of the American merchant marine is entirely in American hands. The Panama Canal, if the subject is thoroughly gone into, also offers a solution to the problem of its steady growth and to its sharing with foreign marines a fair portion of the world's carrying trade.

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Turning now to American coastal shipping and its relation to the Panama Canal, one cannot be as optimistic in treating with this branch of the shipping industry as in the treatment of deep-water tonnage.

The curse of America—the railroad trusts—will endeavor to frustrate all attempts made by small ship-owners to engage in long-distance coastal trading — say, between San Francisco, San Diego, Portland and Seattle and ports on the Atlantic seaboard. On an average, water-borne commerce in comparison to distance travelled costs only one-sixth as much as carriage by rail, and long-distance freight can be handled as expeditiously by sea as by rail. This being so and bearing in mind that all big railroad companies run ships of their own, it goes without saying that vessels owned and run by any of these corporations could be operated, for the time being, at a loss in order to keep ships not owned by them out of the coastal trade. Not a very large fleet of railroad steamers would be required to so throttle up the coastal trade that freight perforce would have to be either carried by them or be carried across the American continent by rail, this depending upon the state of trade or the policy of the controlling railroad magnates. An indication of the trend of affairs is furnished by a study of the Panama Railroad ships owned and operated ostensibly by the United States Government. These ships leave New York on their way south to Colon full of cargo, but they find on the Isthmus only little freight for their return journey and as often as not are forced to return to their port of departure in ballast.

Railroad monopoly dictates as to the quality and quantity of freight which will find its way from the Western seaboard *via* the Isthmus of Panama to Eastern markets. Western farmers, knowing how much cheaper it is for them to ship their harvests by water to Panama, then by rail to Colon, again by water to New York, are yet denied this right by the railroad magnates, who see that if this course were allowed to be followed a depreciation in railroad stock and a diminution of dividends would result.

Last year the orange and lemon growers of California handed over to the railroads the colossal sum of $14,000,000 for the carrying of a single crop of oranges and lemons to the Eastern markets. This figured out at the rate of about $25 per ton. Contrast this with the Pacific grain crop, which

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can be carried to Europe *via* Cape Horn at a maximum rate of $8 per ton, and with oranges which can be carried in refrigerated ships in a proposed line from Los Angeles to New York at less than one-third of the present railroad tariff. By an all-water route even around Cape Horn, California growers could save on a single orange and lemon crop a sum approximating $10,000,000, a sum sufficient in itself to build and operate a line of first-class freight-steamers. If on orange and lemon crops alone railroads can snatch a $10,000,000 profit a year, it is hardly likely even if railroad-owned vessels carried other produce for nothing that small ship-owners would be allowed to claim a fair share of the coastal-carrying trade. Against such tremendous odds small ship-owners would stand no chance. They could not run their vessels profitably on the cost of freight which the railroad-owned ships could and would determine. Thus we find that the producer, consumer, shipper and ship-owner are between the devil and the deep sea. All are robbed of the legitimate rewards of honest trade; and the people, through the present high cost of living, pay their toll to the railroad magnates at the rate of $10,000,000 a year on oranges and lemons alone.

It seems, when dealing with coastal shipping, that we confront a problem as difficult to solve as that which the overwhelming superiority of foreign deep-water tonnage offers to American foreign-going shipping.

There are two ways out of the difficulty: (1) Let the United States Government own and run a fleet of steamers of sufficient size and speed to guarantee that Western crops shall reach their Eastern markets within a reasonable time and so fix rates that undercutting by railroad vessels would be impossible. (2) Failing the first proposition, then if a syndicate of Western farmers and shippers ran their own steamers at fixed rates and also gave the preference to their own vessels opposition by railroad-owned steamers would soon break down when it was found that syndicate vessels were quite beyond the control of the railroads and carried full cargoes both ways. If one or both of these suggestions were carried into effect, then Western harvests would reach Eastern markets by an all-water route, which, as already stated, allowing for distance covered, costs about six times less than carriage by rail. Once this trade became firmly established and all railroad monopoly was broken down, the

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Panama Canal would then have not been built in vain in so much as its relations to the coastal shipping of America are concerned.

In estimating the value of the Panama Canal in its relations to the American navy, or to the American nation as a whole, we have a factor which at once clears away all doubts as to the possibility of a successful invasion of American shores. If the present proposed scheme of fortifying the Canal is carried into effect, America then, by the intended fortifications, makes her position both on the Atlantic and Pacific impregnable.

Opinion on the question of fortifying the waterway is divided. It is quite true that under the Hay-Buneau-Varilla Treaty the United States has the right to fortify the Canal, but this treaty is of little importance, as it is in conflict with the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which declined to assimilate the Panama Canal to the Suez Canal in this respect, on the ground that the United States has not in the Isthmus of Panama the same sovereign rights as the Khedive of Egypt possesses over his waterway.

On the other hand, the Presidential legal advisers say that under the second Hay-Lansdowne Treaty there is not a shadow of doubt but that the United States may not only construct the Canal, but control and fortify it; and that the terms of the Treaty are not being unduly stretched by the proposition to establish forts, with guns at either end, capable of sweeping twenty miles of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. If the proposed sum of $2,000,000 be appropriated for immediate service in building the projected forts, then the safe passage of American fleets—Atlantic and Pacific—into either ocean is guaranteed.

Fortifications, it is true, invite war, and in these days it is only fortified seaports or waterways which stand in danger of being attacked by hostile ships; but the Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which provides that no act of war shall ever be committed within the neutral zone, in the face of recent events, only tends to show that treaties are futile when a nation is bent upon securing new lands or is bent upon the realization of a national ideal.

A long-standing weakness of the American navy has been its inability to concentrate its whole force within a reasonable limit of time at any particular place where danger may threaten. Its two fleets, as at present, being separated by a

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twelve-thousand-mile expanse of water, could not act independently against a powerful naval antagonist with a reasonable chance of securing victory against the tremendous odds which could be launched against either.

Appreciating this fact, then, should the United States Government wilfully ignore the value of fortifying the Panama Canal or refuse to guarantee the safe passage of its fleets into either ocean? Such action could only be interpreted as those tantamount to the encouragement of national suicide. Many argue that to fortify the Canal is to make it the cockpit of the earth. Well, if war must take place, what matters it if the seat be the Near East, Far East or Panama? The fortifying of the Canal will in no way alter America's relations with other Powers or cause her to abandon her present pacific policy in favor of an aggressive one.

The settlement of international disputes presents so obvious an advantage over war that we may expect in the near future to see the nations vying with each other in their appeals for the good offices of the Hague jurists. In either case, with or without fortifications, should America engage in war with a powerful naval antagonist, the main objective of its antagonist would be to keep both fleets apart. To prevent a conjunction of fleets a position would have to be taken up by the opposing vessels off Panama.

The batteries which it is proposed to mount at the entrances of the Canal could only, at the most, guarantee a cruising radius twenty miles clear for American ships. To an attacking fleet this means little or nothing at all, as it could so manœuvre that American ships, unless they employed cowardly tactics altogether opposed to American ideals and traditions, would have to come out in the open and fight at a distance well outside the range of the Panama batteries. It is not the Canal fortifications which will localize a naval engagement or turn that zone into the cockpit of the world, but the waterway itself.

The biggest question of to-day is: war or peace. Nations at present groan under burdens not of benevolence or science or education, but of armaments both naval and military. Americans can afford to spend $500,000,000 on the construction of a highway of peace and commerce and another estimated $14,000,000 on the fortification of it without in any way being justly accused of affronting the world with a war policy looked upon by some as reckless in its ex-

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travagance and defiant in its purpose. "Defence, not Defiance," is what the Panama batteries will stand for!

Allowing that the fortifications will be partly finished by the time of the opening of the Canal, will the assured safe conduct of both American fleets into either ocean not go a long way towards solving the problem of America's naval expenditure? Does this not savor of disarmament? Of smaller craft, such as torpedo-boats and destroyers whose voyage to the Pacific *via* Cape Horn or Straits of Magellan is fraught with danger to their crews, the passage into the Pacific in comparatively smooth water, not to speak of the time saved on the journey *via* Panama, at once reduces the need of maintaining powerful flotillas of these vessels in both oceans to operate in conjunction with battleships or cruisers.

Again, the weakest spot in the American navy is the absence of first-class battleships in the Pacific Ocean. At present there are no American modern all-big-gun and heavily armored battleships—Dreadnoughts—in the Pacific, while the strongest naval Power in that ocean—Japan—has several. These vessels, which cost about $10,000,000 each to build, in any future naval war will decide victory. The cost of building only two such vessels would more than pay for the proposed Canal fortifications. Then supposing that the entry of these ships into the Pacific could not be assured by the support of land batteries, it would mean that America must increase her Pacific naval strength to that of Japan. This is a contingency which American naval authorities do not care to face in view of the benefits which will accrue to the American navy through the construction and fortification of the Panama Canal. Nor should they, as the balance of power in the Pacific will be turned in favor of America when the Canal is opened.

For the building of the proposed batteries, it is planned to appropriate in all a sum of $14,000,000, $2,000,000 of which are to be expended for immediate service. So that for the whole sum mentioned — $14,000,000 — United States naval power will increase one hundred per cent. at least without the addition of a single new keel to the navy.

To continue, even to those whose knowledge of nautical affairs is a minus quantity, it is apparent that America's present naval weakness invites attack. The fighting power of the Pacific fleet alone, if opposed to the might of Japan, would avail it nothing in the final issue of an

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engagement. The Pacific slope would be open to invasion should there be nothing between an invading army and California but the American Pacific fleet. How the invaders would fare after effecting a landing is beside this question, but once the Canal permits of the joining of the two American fleets the American navy then would be the dominant power in the Pacific and the United States oversea possessions would be safe from seizure or attack.

This happy state of affairs will be brought about when the Panama Canal is a reality. The overwhelming superiority which the Canal will give to the American navy over any other navy whose ships must steam at least three thousand miles to engage it at once overthrows any invasion theories that may at present be entertained. It would be lunacy on the part of America were she to leave unfortified what all military experts unite in regarding as the inevitable scene of the next war in the Western Hemisphere. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that the Canal and not its fortifications has changed the probable scene of future hostilities from the Far East to the Middle West.

Enough has been said to show that the Panama Canal will benefit foreign ship-owners and American railroad magnates only if new laws are not framed at once to checkmate foreign competition and monopoly by the railroads. As the laws stand at present they are diametrically opposed to progress in the merchant shipping world. The people of America, looking upon the Canal as a business asset, will be robbed of a legitimate return on their enormous investment in men and money if efficient remedies are not soon forthcoming.

What they lose in a business sense will be more than made up to them in a national sense; but, after all, this is small compensation when the remedy or a combination of business and national gain is well within the power of the United States Government to grant if it would only face facts as they exist to-day and appreciate its responsibilities in a manner which would place American ships and shipowners more on a par with European. What American naval tonnage will gain through the Panama Canal, merchant tonnage should. The value of the latter, if it were secured a fair field and no favor, would enhance with the opening of the waterway in much the same way as the former—automatically.

A. G. McLellan.

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THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA IN ITALY

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND CLOSES HIS PART IN THE CONTROVERSY

PERHAPS I am thought somewhat belated in taking cognizance of the two articles—one from the pen of the Rt. Rev. William Burt, Bishop of the American Methodist Church in European countries, the other from that of the Rev. S. M. Vernon, of Philadelphia—appearing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of last October, as replies to former articles of mine in the same REVIEW on "The Methodist Episcopal Church of America in Italy." The delay, however, has served a valuable purpose, since it has allowed time for others to come forward as champions of the Methodist mission and lend their aid in attempts to clear it, so far as this is possible, from the charges laid to its account—insults most outrageous to the Catholic Church and the Pontiffs of Rome; vilest calumnies against the dogmas and precepts of Catholicism; deceptions in reports of the Methodist propaganda; fraud and hypocrisy in methods made use of by its evangelists. The Methodist side, I am now entitled to assume, has been amply heard from, and the privilege is mine to write my final brief and retire from the arena, leaving to the disinterested, unprejudiced reader to review argument and counter-argument and be the judge as to the result of the controversy.

Indeed, in nearly all discussions, this is the outcome to be looked for, the goal to be kept within aim—the judgment of the impartial reader. To expect from contestants a surrender or an avowal of defeat is, as a rule, quite futile. Argue still they will; argue still they can. It is Jefferson who is reported to have said: "There is nothing against which human ingenuity will not find something to say." It is so easy to neglect telling points scored by the opponent, to fasten on points of minor or incidental value to the ex-

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clusion of the main issues, to give prominence to new issues, however foreign these be to the discussion, in the hope of turning off attention from the matter which, for the time being, should alone be talked of. To arguing there need be no end, if mere arguing is desired. And so it is, I opine, with the champions of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy. So it is, these will say, with myself in my criticisms of this propaganda. Well, I appeal to the reader to pronounce judgment.

I shall not, for the nonce, take to myself the task of defending the Catholic Church or the Papacy from attacks levelled thereat by my opponents. What if there be truth in the lurid pages given up to the abuse of the Catholic Church by Bishop Burt in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, by Dr. R. J. Cooke in the "Methodist Review"? Is Methodism in Italy luminous and above reproach, because guilt may be laid to the door of the Catholic Church? Methodism in Italy is under examination; to Methodism in Italy I must confine the discussion and leave to another time the defence of the Catholic Church.

Details of charges against Methodism in Italy were given at length in my preceding articles in the July and the September issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is said by Bishop Burt that on my side of the controversy there is the stain of unfairness and of unreliability —important "omissions" in quotations, allegations drawn from unauthoritative and misleading "sources." I take up the accusations one by one.

1. From the message given by the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church I quoted what I called "the pertinent points." I omitted the following paragraph:

"Third. That the same methods, namely, preaching the Gospel in its simplicity and conducting schools which recognize the plain teaching of the New Testament as a supreme authority in religion and in ethics, have long been followed out by our missions in South America and Mexico, as well as in Rome, and no such indictment has been made against those missions even to this day, as far as we are informed."

Thereon Bishop Burt writes:

"But in his first article taking the responsibility for giving what he calls 'pertinent points' of the Bishops' statement, the Archbishop omits this entire section which contains the essence of the Bishops' utterances! Omits it while appearing to be quoting continuously; omits it without any mark, remark or printer's sign showing any omission at that point, though he does indicate other omissions."

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Why I omitted the paragraph? I was quoting from the message of the Bishops "the pertinent points," those bearing on Methodism in Italy. The declaration that I was quoting only "the pertinent points" made sufficiently clear, without the insertion of marks of omission, that I was not giving the message in full, so marks of omission were not inserted except in one place where two sentences, separated in the original, were so closely allied in meaning that it seemed necessary to bring them together—something not to be done without due indication that intervening words were dropped from the quotation. My first notion had been to quote the entire message of the Bishops, but recalling to mind the value of space in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I limited myself to "the pertinent points."

Was the paragraph in question a "pertinent point"? I do not think so. Dealing with Italy, not with South America or Mexico, I was confining my argument to conditions in Italy, bending myself to show by "details of specific acts" how far conditions in that country were below "the moral integrity" claimed by the Bishops for the work of their missionaries. If the methods observed in Italy were the same as those made use of in Mexico and in South America, as the Bishops in another paragraph asserted, so much the worse, I should have said, for Methodism in Mexico and in South America. The extension of the methods to those countries did not mend them in Italy.

Preceding assertion "Third," in the statement of the Bishops, was assertion "Second":

> "That the methods of our mission in Italy, now for the first time publicly condemned, are the same as have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago."

This assertion is quite general as to Italy: it covers all that had taken place there during the last forty years. I accepted it in its comprehensiveness. Upon me was the burden of showing forth the conditions in Italy at any period of time for the past forty years, the right remaining to conclude that, such as I should prove these conditions to have been at any time, they had legitimate refuge under the Bishops' broad words and were those of to-day as much as those of yesterday.

2. I quoted from "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" of Rome a passage illustrating the anti-Catholic spirit of the Methodist Propaganda. Bishop Burt warns me that I left out the head-

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line, "That which they say in the Vatican." Well, I confess, the newspaper cutting which I had in hand was without a head-line and so no head-line appeared in my quotation. The extract, however, from "*Il Giornale*" played no significant part in the discussion, bearing as it did on a point proved otherwise many times over—the anti-Catholic spirit of the Methodist Propaganda. The whole extract is a negligible quantity.

3. I quoted from "*La Nazione*" of Florence a list of books seen, it was said, by its correspondent, as he walked down Via Venti Settembre, in the windows of the Methodist Publishing-House. Thereon Bishop Burt writes:

> "Everybody in Italy knows that '*La Nazione*' of Florence is an ultra-conservative paper in strict alliance with the clerical party. No window of the Publishing-House fronts on Via Venti Settembre, but only one small window where books and papers are exhibited on Via Firenze. The fact, however, is the books mentioned were never published, owned or sold by us. No one ever saw them in our windows at any time, for we never had them. Hence the statement of the correspondent is simply false. If the Archbishop had only reported what he saw . . . he would not have fallen a victim to such unreliable data."

A slight matter it is whether the show-window of the "Casa Metodistica" fronts, as does the "Casa" itself, on Via Venti Settembre or a few feet around the corner on Via Firenze. Bishop Burt is here rather too particular as to details. But a matter not so slight is the Bishop's assertion that "*La Nazione*" is "an ultra-conservative paper in strict alliance with the clerical party." This may be said to Americans who know little or nothing about Florentine journalism, not to Florentines themselves. "*La Nazione*" is a liberal monarchist paper, anti-clerical, often ferociously so, as instanced in its warfare with "*L'Unita Cattolica.*" As to whether its correspondent, in telling of books in the window of the "Casa Metodistica," spoke or did not speak a falsehood, the question rests between himself and Bishop Burt, not between me and the Bishop. It were, however, somewhat strange that a widely circulated newspaper such as "*La Nazione*" should publish a glaringly false statement with regard to a matter so open to investigation as the titles of books exposed in a shop window; while, on the other hand, Bishop Burt, an occasional visitor to Rome, is not expected to know what the window did show at a given time, when, perhaps, he was far away from La Via Firenze. But since Bishop Burt appeals

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to my personal observation, I now say that ten years ago I stopped before the window on Via Firenze; and well I recollect seeing there on exhibition books and pamphlets most insulting to the Catholic Church and to the Papacy. One was from the pen of an ex-priest, Achilli, the contestant long ago before a court in England in a lawsuit with John Henry Newman, Achilli being then and there proved to have been an unmitigated scoundrel, though on a technicality Newman was made to pay nominal damages. The Methodists, I thought at the time, were not afraid to handle a book, however antiquated, however disproved, if only it were abusive of Catholicism.

4. The sources from which I drew my charges are, according to Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon, unreliable, unworthy of credence. Let us see whether or no I am so mistaken in my "sources." My sources are Dr. Stackpole, Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J., "*L'Evangelista*," "*Cenni Storici*" and Bishop Burt. Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon will not challenge the reliability of "*L'Evangelista*," of "*Cenni Storici*," and of Bishop Burt himself. Well, I need no others to build up an indictment against Italian Methodism, as my preceding articles amply demonstrate. With these "sources" to be quoted from, I could well afford to eliminate from the witness-box Dr. Stackpole and Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J. But even to those I still hold and most rightly so.

Poor Dr. Stackpole! At one time he was the leader of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy, the perfect apostle, the very salt of the earth. In 1891 Bishop Vincent had written of him: "Dr. Stackpole, who is an intense believer in the most intense type of Methodism and a loving disciple of the devout Daniel Steele, labors most faithfully to promote the spiritual life, to train the heart and conscience."

But since 1894, when Dr. Stackpole reported to American Methodists conditions in the Italian Mission, writing as a devout and devoted Methodist, having in mind the one purpose of telling the truth with a view to the betterment of Methodism in Italy, challenging contradiction of his statements, for every one of which he gave place and date—he is the reprobate whom Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon repudiate and denounce. Alas for Dr. Stackpole! He told the truth and told it with "details of specific acts." Bishop Burt writes:

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"If the Archbishop had personally studied the situation he would not have been compelled to go back and dig up an old book which is out of print, written sixteen years ago, and which at the time of its publication was ably answered by Dr. J. M. Buckley and others who were perfectly familiar with the situation. The same book was answered again recently in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Dr. S. M. Vernon."

"Sixteen years ago"—not too long ago to be out of date in a discussion of what Methodists are doing to-day in Italy or were doing there yesterday.

If Dr. Stackpole's book was so ably answered by Dr. J. M. Buckley, as is asserted, we regret that the Bishop did not give a short summary of the rebutting evidence instead of exacting from us blind faith in his own verdict. Certainly, if it were not more ably answered by Dr. Buckley than it was by Dr. Vernon, it was not answered at all. Dr. Vernon does not dare take up for rebuttal one single statement from "Four and One-half Years," contenting himself with a bitter onslaught upon the personality of the writer, differing most materially in his estimate of Dr. Stackpole from other Methodists, Bishop Vincent, Professor Sewall, Rev. Daniel Steele. No, Dr. Stackpole has not been answered. The most violent of American Methodists, Dr. R. J. Cooke, is unwilling to repudiate Dr. Stackpole. In the "Methodist Review" for September-October Dr. Cooke writes:

"For, be it remembered this Stackpole book has been before the Church and the public for sixteen years! It was not published in a corner—it was published here in the United States. It was written by a Methodist for Methodists. No effort has ever been made to conceal it, to buy it up, to burn it, as some people who seem to have more enmity than is good for them against certain holy books they do not relish are in the habit of doing wherever they dare. . . .

"But ten worthless cases [Dr. Cooke wondrously minimizes numbers] coming to us from the Church of Rome are all that can be fished up to sustain Ireland's charges, *and those we have reported ourselves.*" (Italics Dr. Cooke's.)

Here is Dr. Stackpole's "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Missions" accepted as current Methodist literature and ratified as such. Dr. Stackpole is returning into favor among Methodists.

As to Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J., it is easy, Bishop Burt thinks, to dispose of him. The Bishop writes:

"This is some more of the Archbishop's 'most reliable data.' Who is the one who furnishes the data? '*A Jesuit*' [Italics Dr. Burt's]. He

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is one of those who have been so trained in Jesuitical casuistry that they do not know what truth means."

Bishop Burt's rage and fanaticism, as the name of Rev. P. de Mandato, S.J., is mentioned, is Rev. P. de Mandato's all-sufficient defence. I must not add to the persuasive force of the argument.

I come now to inquire how far in their turn my opponents have defended themselves and the methods of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy. A clean-cut avowal that they were mistaken in their contradiction of all or of any of my allegations was not looked for. All that I expected was a system of replies—significant silences, evasions, semi-admissions, tantamount, before an unprejudiced jury, to avowals of defeat. Replies of this kind abound—to the exclusion, indeed, of all else.

Bishop Burt goes far afield, unto dreamland itself, in search of shields wherewith he may ward off my charges. I cull from his articles two notable instances. He writes:

"We cannot possibly understand his [the Archbishop's] utterances—many of them mere inventions—except on the ground that personally he was ignorant of the facts, and that as faithful servant of the hierarchy he simply signed his name to that which he was told to say by his master at the Vatican."

Absolutely false is the assertion that I received from the Vatican orders or intimations, to make reply to the Methodist attack, or that I was told by the Vatican what I should say. The Bishop is altogether too subjective: he conjures up imaginings from his inner consciousness, bidding them be realities to himself and to others. Oh no, Bishop Burt—the fight is entirely mine; you must not rob me of the merit.

Again the Bishop writes—this time with regard to the exclusion of "*L'Asino*" from the American mails:

"The Vatican becoming alarmed at the damage being done to its cause by '*L'Asino*' in America sent Monsignor Falconio to America with the definite mission of influencing the government to exclude '*L'Asino*' from the United States. This Monsignor soon put in motion all the powerful machinery of the Romish Church in America for the accomplishment of his purpose. He first directed his efforts to the White House, but finding that this would not be the surest way to success, he then brought all his influence to bear upon the postal authorities and succeeded in his purpose. He was congratulated and rewarded by the Vatican. . . . Archbishop Ireland and his colleagues did it.. . . ."

This entire paragraph, every line of it, is as far away from the truth as midnight darkness from noonday light.

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Neither Monsignor Falconio nor Archbishop Ireland had anything whatsoever to do with the exclusion of "*L'Asino*" from the American mails. Bishop Burt is the dreamer. Does he not fear that he may be thought to be equally the dreamer in his other assertions?

Now come evasions, semi-affirmations tantamount to admissions, and silences that plainly betray fear of facing the issue.

Bishop Burt had said of the "Greek and Romish Churches" that they substitute "penance" for "repentance." Dr. Stackpole had said:

> "They [the Catholics of Italy] want a Church that can save them without the necessity of thorough repentance on their part, and corresponding reformation of conduct."

Against such egregious calumnies I appealed to the "Catechism," the basis of all Catholic teaching, the norma of conduct for all Catholics, in which is set forth, in words of unmistakable meaning, the necessity of sorrow for sin and of a firm purpose of amendment. Does Bishop Burt, guilty himself and impliedly a partaker in the guilt of Dr. Stackpole, meet the appeal, read the Catechism, tell plainly what Catholics learn there with regard to "repentance" and amendment of life? Not at all: the Catechism is brushed aside with a wave of the hand: the calumny is repeated. "We are not talking," says Bishop Burt, "about ancient theories or printed doctrines, but what we know the institution stands for at its chief centre." The Catechism among Catholics an ancient theory or a mere printed document! This will do with people utterly unable to know or to understand Catholics.

Dr. Vernon had asserted that before the arrival of Methodism "the Bible was excluded from Rome." I demonstrated at length the utter falseness of the assertion. In his reply Dr. Vernon totally ignores the evidence I had put forward and seeks refuge behind a newly trumped-up charge, "the non-use of the Bible"—a charge as unfounded as that of the exclusion of the Bible before the arrival of Methodism.

Quoting from Dr. Stackpole, I narrated that in Venice, when a visit was expected from the Presiding Elder, it had been the custom to ask the minister of another denomination to send his congregation to the Methodist service to make a good impression on the Elder, or, better yet, with

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a view to the same end, to go out into the street and the cafés and hire an audience at a cent apiece. Does Dr. Vernon look back into the occurrences related by Dr. Stackpole to see whether they be true or not? Not he: he denies them and asks the reader to be satisfied with his denial. The bringing in of hearers at a cent apiece, the borrowing of another congregation for the purpose, as reported by Dr. Stackpole, of deceiving the Elder, Dr. Vernon would have us believe, on his own word, was nothing else than the usual courteous invitation sent around when a distinguished preacher comes to town. Dr. Vernon would have us laugh—and we laugh.

Dr. Stackpole, whom I quoted, gives instance upon instance of "padding" the reports of membership to please "Methodist authorities on both sides of the ocean," of admitting into seminaries men of known unworthiness, giving as the reason: "We simply obeyed the wishes of our superiors in office. It was argued that we must have a certain number of students in order to make a respectable report to the Church in America." What is the reply? Simply an arrogant denial: reports were never padded; Methodists never sought cast-off priests, never wittingly opened their doors to others than men of proved merit. Loud denials without previous investigation do not overthrow statements that were given in precise words, with dates and names of places, with challenge to the inquirer to speak in contradiction.

Dr. Vernon had boasted of distinguished and meritorious priests leaving the Catholic Church for Methodism—among them Count di Campello. I gave the story of the Count. Does Dr. Vernon in his rejoinder admit his mistake in palming off this "convert" as a conquest for Methodism? Not he; he is silent with regard to Count di Campello. It is a loss of time to correct the mistakes of Dr. Vernon.

I had accused the Methodist schools in Rome of proselytizing despite advertisements to the contrary, despite expressed acknowledgment that parents were opposed to any such manœuvrings. The reply of Bishop Burt is ingenuous in the extreme; it is worthy of note as an indication of his singular mentality—denial and admission in the same sentence. He writes:

"We have faithfully kept our promises to the public respecting the religious convictions of all, even though we have had simple Christian service in the schools on Sunday and family devotion every day . . . and

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if any of our pupils have become Methodists, as some of them have, it has been wholly of their own free will."

With this statement Bishop Burt would have us believe that there is no under-cover proselytism in Methodist schools despite advertisements to the contrary. The Bishop is a witness to the violation of promises made to parents of pupils in Methodist schools equally with the directresses themselves of those schools—the Crandon Institute and the Isabella Clark Refuge. The Directress of the Crandon Institute had at one time publicly set forth her school "as respecting the religious convictions of all"; and later, in her report to the Conference in 1899, she made the statement: "We have established services in the interior of the institution itself every Sunday morning: our Italian minister presides and all our boarders assist at it." The Directress of the Isabella Clark Refuge openly declared:

"Despite the efforts of the parents, who, though taking advantage of the material benefits we furnish them, try to prevent their children from practising the truths of our Christian religion, we find with pleasure that our little ones do not forget the prayers that they hear and the nice hymns they sing."

No fraudulent proselytism in the Methodist Schools! There it is, in deep earnestness, in spite of public professions, in spite of promises to the parents of pupils.

"*L'Evangelista*" had cartooned the Pope—shamefully so, I said. This is Bishop Burt's reply:

"The cartoon was a photograph of a model made by an eminent artist in competition for prizes that had been offered for the best representation for the 'Fall of the temporal power of the Papacy.' . . . The photograph was furnished to our editor by the artist himself."

In the eyes of the Bishop, art so called veils all infamies. As to the several paragraphs I had quoted from "*L'Evangelista,*" showing to what extent this publication calumniates and befouls whatever is Catholic or Papal, the Bishop is silent, art playing here no part. Up to the writing of the present article, "*L'Evangelista*" continues its insults to the Papacy. A few weeks ago it rang out applause to Ernest Nathan's insolent and mendacious assault upon the Sovereign Pontiff.

I had quoted the London "Saturday Review" in attestation of the vileness of a Giordano Bruno demonstration to which "*L'Evangelista*" had given loud applause. But, affirms Bishop Burt, the correspondent of the "Review"

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is a "clerical." No proof that he is a "clerical" is introduced; and certainly no taint of clericalism is to be noticed in the "Saturday Review." "Of course," adds the Bishop, "it [the demonstration] was anti-Papal, because it was the Pope who burned Bruno." Of course the demonstration was "anti-Papal"—and there, no doubt, is the reason why Methodists applaud it—those same Methodists who shout wailings when their patronage of visitors to Rome is a barrier to Papal honors. But the Mayor of Rome took part in the Bruno demonstration! And members of Parliament were there and university students and working-men's associations! Yes, the Mayor of Rome was there—Ernest Nathan, the ex-grand master of Italian Freemasonry, the avowed atheist, who seeks every opportunity to fling insults at the Papacy, who on that account is censured and disavowed by Americans of his own race (*vide* a recent issue of "The Israelite"). Yes, members of Parliament were there—men of the Nathan stripe. University students and working-men were there—students and working-men of the school of the Barcelona anarchist, Ferrer—the rabble so parlous in all large cities of Europe to law and order, whose dominating motto is: Down with religion! Down with God! And Bishop Burt should have added the patrons and the readers of "*L'Evangelista*" were there—quite at home, because, whatever else, the demonstration was anti-Papal. The class of men who do the shouting at the Bruno demonstrations, whom Bishop Burt applauds! Here are words of the principal orator at the demonstration of 1910, Podrecca, the proprietor and editor of "*L'Asino*": "Religion and sacerdotal hierarchy are one and the same thing. By tolerating, or worse still, by vivifying the first you strengthen the second." Religion itself—all forms of religion—is the bugbear of Podrecca and of the men who gather once a year in the Piazza dei Fiori. And "*L'Evangelista*" and Bishop Burt rain smile and caress upon the annual demonstrations in honor of Giordano Bruno! But in excuse they will say: "Of course it (the demonstration) was anti-Papal, because it was the Pope who burned Bruno." In other words, to Roman Methodists irreligion and blasphemy are worthy of applause if only they are openly anti-Papal!

"*L'Evangelista,*" the Bishop admits, did express its goodwill towards "*L'Asino,*" because of the enmity of this pub-

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lication to the Papacy. Enmity to the Papacy covers a multitude of sins—even the immoralities of "*L'Asino.*" Over this enmity Bishop Burt becomes hilarious—more so even than "*L'Evangelista*" itself. He says:

"We admit that '*L'Asino*' is terrific in its war on the Papacy, and even Archbishop Ireland must admit that it is very able and most effective. In saying, however, that 'self-respecting people turn quickly away when their eyes light upon its lurid illustrations' he condemns at one stroke tens of thousands of the best and most intelligent people in Italy who do not turn away from it, but buy it and read it."

"The best and the most intelligent people of Italy"—those who buy "*L'Asino*" and read it! This is the opinion of Bishop Burt. Is this the ethics of the Methodist Propaganda in Italy?

Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke confess that, at certain periods, at least, of the Methodist propaganda unworthy characters, "converts" from Catholicism, ex-theological students and ex-priests strutted through Italy as preachers, catechists, Bible-venders of Methodism. That was my charge against Methodism in Italy—that it was willing to take up unworthy characters, as advocates and apostles, and intrust to them the spreading of the "pure Gospel." The defence put forth by Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke is that those men were bad before they were received into Methodism, had been bad in Catholicism—in fact, had been made bad by Catholicism. This is no defence. Be Catholicism what Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke in their unholy imaginings are ready to picture it—is this a reason why those who were bad while in Catholicism should be welcomed to Methodism and commissioned as its representatives and expounders?

I refuse to reply to the base attacks made against the morality of the Italian Catholic priesthood. The Italian Catholic priesthood is not on trial in the present discussion. This much, however, I must say: When Bishop Burt writes, "All over Italy the immorality of the priests is proverbial," he simply repeats stories brought to the "Casa Metodistica" by Methodist "converts," just as reliable in the recital of the reasons of their "conversion" as they have so often proved themselves to have been in their "conversion" itself. And when, in reply to my statement that the Catholic Church is severe in its "sacerdotal exigencies," he asserts that those "exigencies" mean acceptance of dog-

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ma and obedience to superiors, not practical morals, he utters the grossest calumny. And, again, when he ventures to say, "Those [ex-priests] who came to us have presented clean papers from the Papal Church," he puts himself in a position to be challenged to exhibit in a single instance "the clean papers" brought to Methodism, unless something very different from the usual meaning of the term is to be understood by "clean papers." Bishop Burt is so blinded by his fanatical hatred of the Catholic Church that he is scarcely rational in his utterances; as, for instance, when he writes: "Some of the poor fellows [ex-priests] have been so nurtured on 'Jesuitical' casuistry that they do not know the meaning of truth and honesty. The end justifies the means."

The reader will decide to what extent evasions and semi-admissions such as make up the web and woof of the replies given to "details of specific acts," with which I had charged Italian Methodists, deserve his consideration. To several of the instances of the "specific acts," as recounted in the preceding articles, no reply of any kind is attempted—silence being wisely thought the better part of valor.

Here and there assurances are heard which might lead us to believe that, whatever the occurrences in the past, conditions in Italian Methodism, under certain aspects at least, are at the present time being altered for the better. Maybe, the discussion to which THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has kindly opened its pages is bearing good fruit.

"Converts," it is said, are now carefully looked over before they are allowed to pass from the probationers' class, especially before they are graduated into the ministry. How different from the days when the staunch believer in the "most intense type of Methodism," Dr. Stackpole, presided over the theological schools of Florence and Rome and admitted into those schools men of more than shady character, as it was necessary to have a certain number of students "in order to make a respectable report to the Church in America."

Dr. Burt writes: "In none of our schools is the instruction gratuitous." Let us hope that the Bishop's words are to-day, and will be to-morrow, descriptive of facts. The case was very different at least sixteen years ago when Dr. Stackpole discovered no room for Methodist schools, whether for boarders or for day scholars, unless the schools were

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"gratuitous or semi-gratuitous" (with emphasis strongly upon the latter part of the compound) "with books and clothes frequently thrown in for nothing."

Dr. E. B. T. Spencer, Director of the "Collegio Metodista" in Rome, makes this announcement:

"I shall state in most positive form and sincerity that we are not here for the purpose of fighting the Roman Church. . . . We are here, strange to say, for the purpose of promoting education."

What a profound change from the Methodism of yesterday when "*Cenni Storici,*" the official organ of Italian Methodists, declared:

"The Protestant legions must gather all their energies and assail Popery in its citadel, in Rome. Hence the most noble appeal of Bishop Walden—'Before evangelizing the world, we must evangelize Rome.'"

During a recent lecture tour through the United States Signorina Garibaldi, the present directress of one of the Methodist schools in Rome, said that she is careful never to speak to her pupils against the Catholic Church. Very different this from what must happen in the school when Bishop Burt is making there one of his official visits, if we judge him from his book, "Europe and Methodism," or from his late article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; and surely very different this from what happens, Sunday after Sunday, in the neighboring Methodist temple where the preacher of the day is the Rev. Mr. Tipple.

In the present controversy, however, it is not in ameliorations recently decided upon, nor in the declarations of preachers or teachers more sober-minded or more cautious than the large number of their colleagues that we are bound to take concern: we are dealing with the usual and general course of incidents such as have openly characterized the Methodist propaganda in Italy during its full career since its inception down to our own days.

And now to the question, which first prompted me to take issue with Italian Methodism, which, necessarily, remained through the discussion the central and chief issue: Was the Vatican justified in its attitude towards Italian Methodism —towards those whose patronage Italian Methodism would fain have turned to its profit?

The Vatican declared it could not receive in audience visitors to Rome, however worthy personally of esteem and respect, who were ready to give countenance to the Methodist Mission, or who might have been led into doing so, were

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they not forewarned of the peril that confronted them. Was not the Vatican in the right when putting itself in this attitude towards the Methodist Mission? In justification of the Vatican I recall the occurrences, such as they were, from first to last in the Methodist mission to Italy during forty years; in its further justification I recall the recent articles of Bishop Burt and Dr. Vernon in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and of Dr. Cooke in the "Methodist Review." Bishop Burt, Dr. Vernon and Dr. Cooke are not unlike their brethren of the Mission to Italy—and what is the attitude assumed by those writers towards the Catholic Church and the Papacy? It is one of calumny, of insult, of rabid hatred, of undying warfare. Bishop Burt, Dr. Vernon, Dr. Cooke may presume they have argument to support their words and acts. Be it so: if so minded, let them hurl daily and hourly missiles of fiery wrath against the Vatican, against all that the Vatican stands for. But doing this, shall they be privileged to command the Vatican into servitude to their whims, to compel it to deal out its honors to themselves and to their friends, to adopt a policy tantamount to recognition of their warfare and its methods, to a proclamation that their warfare and their methods are viewed by the chieftain of the Catholic Church as things permissible and pardonable? No, a thousand times no. The Sovereign Pontiff—so gracious to those who come to him in decency and with proper respect, however much or little they differ from his Catholic faith—must, under penalty of self-stultification, bid the Methodist Mission stay far away from the portals of his palace.

Both Dr. Cooke and Bishop Burt are unwilling to admit that Italian Methodism was anything more than a pretext to cover up other and more hidden motives in the Vatican's recent refusals of audiences. The Methodists, forsooth, were so innocuous, so benign, so well-behaved, that the Vatican could not have had them in mind when adopting its rules of exclusion. Well, I assure Bishop Burt and Dr. Cooke that the rules adopted by the Vatican were due solely and entirely to the manner of acting of the Methodists—to that and to nothing else.

Dr. Cooke reminds us that Roman Freemasonry is no less an enemy to the Papacy than Methodism, and intimates that if the intention were to resent insults Freemasonry, too, should have been chosen as a victim of Vatican rulings.

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That Roman Freemasonry is an enemy of the Papacy, as it is of all forms of religion, we very freely admit: and further we avow that public recognition given to Roman Freemasonry would have led to a refusal of audiences, no less than public recognition given to Roman Methodism. But as things happened, Methodism was in the foreground and Methodism was smitten.

To Bishop Burt's imaginative mind, what troubled the Vatican was neither Freemasonry nor Roman Methodism—it was America—America the late foe of Spain. He writes:

> "Cardinal Merry del Val is a Spaniard, one of those who at heart detest Americans for what they did in the late war with Spain. . . . This was his first splendid opportunity to satisfy his spirit for revenge."

I indignantly repel this vile aspersion upon the motives of the Papal Secretary of State. Bishop Burt delves into his subliminal consciousness for reasons and "facts"; and the reasons and "facts" he adduces in this, as in other instances, are dreams and phantoms of purest subjectivism. Those who know Cardinal Merry del Val know him to admire him for his forgetfulness of self and of all else save his exalted sense of duty to the Church and to its Supreme Pontiff. His high appreciation of America, his willingness to serve America and its people, are well proved—and proved in a particular manner by the unstinted moral support that he, with the fullest approval of Piux X, has continuously given to the American Government in the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. The Vatican at all times, and certainly under its present officials, rises serenely above all consideration of nation, tribe or color, and sees before it the one goal—the honor and welfare of religion. But it takes high-mindedness on the part of others to understand and acknowledge high-mindedness in the Vatican.

The cause of the recent refusals of audiences was Roman Methodism. Roman Methodism made those audiences impossible: action as taken by the Vatican was imperative and unavoidable.

JOHN IRELAND.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SOCIAL ECONOMICS

WOMEN AND THE TRADES. By ELIZABETH BEARDSLEY BUTLER. New York: The Charities Publication Committee, 1910.

IN the New York School of Philanthropy, and especially in the written and spoken words of Dr. Edward P. Devine and his co-workers, there has been shaping during the past four or five years a new social philosophy profoundly stirring to the citizen whose patriotism is not moribund, and profoundly interesting to the student of modern social conditions. The key-note of this new philosophy is optimistic. Social evils, inequalities and miseries as distinguished from individual ones, are in Dr. Devine's words "transitional, measurable and manageable." They are the inevitable results of social and economic maladjustments and, therefore, are susceptible to social adjustment and control. The method of investigating social problems becomes, from this point of view, the impartial assembling of facts and their subsequent scientific classification and grouping. This work demands a trained social investigator or sociological expert, and has brought into being in the last few years a specialized calling as different from the so-called "social worker" as the "social worker" was from the old "charity visitor." The virility of this new social doctrine has been shown in its quick appeal to the younger generation of college men and women, and by the demand at all educational centres for training in the methods of social, economic and industrial research.

The most significant piece of investigation that has been undertaken at the spur of the new school of scientific philanthropy is the Pittsburg Survey, first planned by the editors of "Charities and the Commons" (now "The Survey") published by the New York Charities Publication Committee and financed by the Sage Foundation. It undertook to "investigate at close range the ranks of wage-earners in the American steel industry." Paul U. Kellogg, Director of the Pittsburg Survey, states that the "Survey as a whole attempted a diagnosis of an American industrial district along social and economic lines and included within its scope such subjects as sanitation, public health, dependency, assimilation, wages, hours and organization of labor." A staff of from ten to thirty trained investigators spent the year 1907-08 in a first-hand study of the industrial and social condition of the working population of Pittsburg. Of the six volumes which comprise the findings of the Survey, two have been published and form the subject of this review. "Women and the Trades," by Miss Elizabeth Beardsley Butler, formerly secretary of the Consumers' League of New Jersey, is an extensive study of twenty-seven Pittsburg industries employing 22,185 women and carried on in some four hundred and forty-eight

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different industrial and commercial establishments. It includes food-producing industries, such as the canning, confectionery and cracker industries; the Pittsburg stogy industry; the needle trades; the cleaning industries, such an laundries, dyeing and cleaning establishments; the metal trades and glass factories; and such miscellaneous trades as the making of brooms, brushes, paper boxes, caskets, corks, paint, soap and trunks. The method of investigation was in the main by personal interviews with employers and employees, by personal inspection of shop, factory and dwelling, and in some cases by a study of the pay-roll. "Each statement made by the management was tested by interviews with employees and by interviews with people familiar with the trade who stood on neutral ground. Conversely, statements made by employees were tested by interviews with employers." The admirably moderate, impartial and non-partisan tone of this book comes from the fact that the reader is convinced at every page that both sides of the industrial problem concerned with the employment of women has been considered and considered fairly. The main part of the investigation is taken up with a comparative study of the conditions in the several industries; the type of work, hours, wages; the effect of the industry on the health, on the economic and social standing of women. The great mass of detail is simplified by excellent tables and summaries, while the concise descriptions of the actual operations performed in the various trades and the characteristic bits of local color make the book an interesting human document as well as a useful analysis of an important section in every industrial community.

Miss Butler's book is a report of existing conditions, not a brief for any reform programme. Nevertheless, certain of her clearly put conclusions state issues so sharply that legislation concerning the work of women in industries and any constructive reform in the future cannot fail to take them into account. In the first place, the number of women in the industries here examined are increasing relative to the number of men. This increase is due in many instances to the substitution of a machine that may be operated by a woman for hand labor performed by men. Thus the conditions which now prevail are destined to become more acute rather than less. Secondly, the custom in many industries of payment for piecework, rather than by the time, and the high speeding of machines, both cause a nervous tension and strain that break down the operator after a few years of work. In discussing this problem in connection with the making of the famous Pittsburg stogy, Miss Butler states: "Most of the girls marry at twenty or twenty-one, just at the time when their speed breaks. Some of the cost is borne by the homes into which they go. This social waste, more serious by far than the destruction of the individual, we have not yet had means of estimating. Those who know these factory-workers intimately know only that in case after case the industry is taking young undeveloped girls, lifting their speed to the highest pitch and wearing them out. They know, too, after a gap of a few years, their unfit homes and under-vitalized children." Another point made with startling clearness in the report is the difference between the wages paid to men and the wages paid to women in the same industries. Of the 22,185 women-workers in Pittsburg, three-fifths earn less than seven dollars a week, one-fifth earn between seven dollars and eight dollars, and one-fifth eight dollars and over. The average wage for all grades of labor considered is about one-half of that paid to male laborers of the same degree of skill. Miss Butler concludes that

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men and women do not really compete even in the same industry, but "tend to separate into non-competing groups, the wages of women being approximately half those of men. They rarely work together on the same wage level or at identical work. Such work as women can do they largely have a monopoly of because they work for half-pay." Two circumstances seem to partially explain this marked discrepancy between the wages of men and women: one the fact that a majority of women in the trades receive some part of their living expenses from their families, are "subsidized by their families," and are therefore willing to receive less than a living wage. The other circumstance is the fact that the percentage of skilled workers is much smaller among the men than among the women. Only 2.7 per cent. of the women are skilled, 23 per cent. performed services demanding a certain degree of manual dexterity. Two-thirds of the women are performing more or less mechanical unskilled work. But as four-fifths of the women in the Pittsburg industries are receiving less than a living wage, the conclusion is that their earnings must be supplemented either by their families or, as in many cases, by the wages of prostitution.

Miss Butler's suggestions for improving the industrial conditions under which women work are practical and possible: a more rigid enforcement of the law, trade education to raise the level of skilled work, a living wage for women as well as men, and a higher sense of industrial responsibility on the part of the employer so that high speeding, long hours and unsanitary conditions may not be tolerated. The fact that the conditions found in Pittsburg, with local variations, are repeated in all our industrial city communities makes Miss Butler's summaries and suggestions of especial significance to all good citizens and all students of society.

WORK-ACCIDENTS AND THE LAW. By CRYSTAL EASTMAN. New York: The Charities Publication Committee, 1910.

Miss Eastman's "Work-Accidents and the Law" is in subject-matter less adapted to generalizing and summary than the preceding study. It takes the form of an analysis of the causes and circumstances of the industrial casualties and accidents in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, during the year 1906-07, with the purposes of discovering (1) where lay the responsibility, (2) what material loss, if any, resulted to the injured workmen and their families. In the year taken as a unit five hundred and twenty-six men were killed by work accidents. In three months five hundred and nine men were injured seriously enough to be sent to hospitals. The survey of the results of these accidents made during the succeeding year enabled the investigators to trace some of the results to individuals and to families of the injured. But of the actual results of industrial accidents, no record nor statistics can tell. At the outset Miss Eastman recognizes this and states that: "Even were an accurate estimate of the number of injuries in a year possible, it would be of little value. A stretched finger and a lost leg cannot be added together if you look for a useful truth in the sum."

The subject-matter of the book falls naturally into three parts—the Causes of Work Accidents, the Economic Cost of Work Accidents, and "Employer's Liability." Of these the first part is the most interesting, and in view of the object of the investigation the most significant. As in the preceding study of women in the trades, Miss Eastman has classified

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her subject according to occupation. She has studied the special causes of work accident incident to the railroads, the soft-coal mines, the steel industry, and to such miscellaneous employments as construction-plants, excavation-works, gas-plants, electric-lighting, telephone and telegraph companies, street-railways, teaming and river work. With local variations, then, the results of the report would apply to any of our industrial cities. The conclusions as to the causes of the thousand-odd accidents chosen for special study have significance far beyond Pittsburg and the confines of the steel industry. The difficulty in fixing the responsibility for the causes of work accidents every reader of Miss Eastman's book must concede is very great. Yet of the cases reported, the thirty per cent. attributed solely to the employers and those who represent them in authority strike one as a conservative estimate. Of the remaining cases, twenty-eight per cent. are attributed solely to the carelessness of the person injured or to fellow employees. In sixteen per cent. of the cases carelessness was a contributory cause. One quarter of the cases could be attributed to none of the above causes and must be considered as incident to the industry.

With these striking figures at hand, Miss Eastman indicates the chief preventable conditions from which work accidents result as lack of provision for safety in construction, long hours of work, too great a speed maintained in many lines of work, inadequate plant inspection, failure to remedy known defects, inadequate warning and signal systems, and insufficient instruction and direction of ignorant workers. The first two conditions may be directly remedied by an effective factory law. The others depend to a great extent on the personnel of the "management."

In estimating the cost of work accidents and distributing the burden of income loss, certain conclusions are reached that tend to make our interest in "Employer's Liability" and "Working-man's Insurance" more vivid than legal and editorial discussion of these subjects has seemed to warrant. In the case of the fatalities studied, "fifty-three per cent. of the industrial accident fatalities considered, the widow and children were left by the employer to bear the entire income loss; and even assuming that all the unknown amounts were large and that all suits pending would be decided for the plaintiff, in only thirty per cent. of the cases did they receive more than five hundred dollars, a sum which would approximate one year's income of the lowest paid of the workers killed." The rate of compensation to the families of single men is much less. In sixty-five per cent. of the cases nothing was paid; in eighteen per cent. of the cases from one hundred to five hundred dollars; in the remaining seventeen per cent. from five hundred to two thousand dollars. A house-to-house study of the results of these accidents in the families of the injured or deceased workmen brings the author to the conclusion that "the inevitable economic loss resulting from these accidents rests in the great majority of cases almost altogether upon the workmen injured or the dependents of those killed, and *that this burden is disastrous to the welfare of their families.*"

The third part of the book gives a very lucid statement of the legal principles involved in "Employer's Liability," and the principle of "Employee's Negligence" or the "Fellow Servant's Rule" which is of comparatively recent origin and dates in English law only from 1837. In analyzing the operation of the law, especially as it is interpreted in the State of Pennsylvania, Miss Eastman finds that it applies unequally to employer and employee, and that in general it works harm to the interests of both

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parties. In view of modern industrial conditions that govern the employment of labor, such as highly organized capital, extreme division of labor, the high speed and intensity of work, her conclusion is that "the law is behindhand and the lawmakers have been blind."

The remaining chapters outline certain schemes which have been devised to meet the inequalities and hardships occasioned by the present law, with a detailed account of the Relief Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The law regarding "Employer's Liability," and the systems of "Workingmen's Insurance" in other countries, is summarized, enhancing the value of the book for reference purposes, and much valuable material for the student of the special legal problem involved in the subject of work accidents is added to the appendix.

The same spirit of fairness and impartiality characterizes the second volume of the findings of the Pittsburg Survey that we noted in the first. The facts are grouped suggestively, and the conclusions are significantly marked. Suggestions for legal economic and industrial reform are not lacking. But the key-note of the chapters of this pioneer work in social research is fairness. They form no brief for Capital or Labor, for Employer or Operator, for Socialism or Individualism. The Pittsburg Survey states certain facts, circumstances and conditions that every inhabitant of an American city will do well to contemplate.

LABOR IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By SAMUEL GOMPERS. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

The collection of letters, sketches and reports of labor conferences that make up Samuel Gompers's "Labor in Europe and America" form an unusually interesting commentary on the conditions of the working population in other lands. The author's convictions as to the non-political character of trade-union organization and his sturdy faith in the virtues of American democratic institutions constitute what the logicians are fond of calling his "canon of criticism." All his comments on the position of the Labor party in England, the policy of the "general strike" advocated by the majority of French Unionists, anti-militarism, and the recent developments of the German co-operative movement, are pertinent in the light of President Gompers's own convictions as to the policy of labor organizations in America. His dissent from the contentions of the Socialists, whether of the theoretical or political wing, is hearty and unequivocal. His distrust of the ministrations of "Intellectuals" in labor affairs is no less decisive. But, notwithstanding the strong vein of positive doctrine that runs through the book, the comments on Continental and English conditions are illuminating and fair. The letters from Bohemia and Hungary, and the chapters on the "Awakening in Italy" and the root causes of Italian emigration, are the most noticeable in the book. But not the least interesting portions are the interludes in the discussion of the labor points at issue in which the author comments on the common fate of European travellers—the tipping system, the bathing facilities or lack of such facilities, and the archaic railway management surviving in many countries. The temper of the book may be summed up in the conclusion of the letter from Pilsen: "It is the contention of the American Labor movement, and it is mine, that the great social revolution will not come with a bang and a crash. It is going on now, every day, everywhere in the world, and

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in the most advanced countries it moves fastest. In them it is most practical. It can be held, for example, by those best acquainted with the American Labor movement that our organizations would hardly leave the Pilsen brewery at peace, as is being done by the Austrian labor movement, while it conducted its business under such non-union conditions. We might not vote in the United States with a grand hurrah for the nationalization of rainbows in the year 2000, but we would have thirty-five hundred better-paid, better- conditioned brewery-workers in a jiffy—or we would abstain, at least, from Pilsner beer."

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN THE NORTH DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By EMERSON DAVID FITE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

To the generation of Americans that has grown up since the war the period of the sixties is already taking on a legendary character. Fathers and mothers tell their children of the wave of patriotism that swept over the country and stirred men out of their accustomed paths; of the armies of young men that marched to the front, never to return; of the sacrifices of those left behind, and the tense strain of waiting for news of good or ill. To those who have never known any but a Spanish-American interlude, a host of practical questions must arise to square the military political war-time of the school history and family anecdotes with the agricultural, commercial and industrial development of the years immediately following. How did the people live? Where did the money come from? Who attended to the farms, shops and factories when so many men were in the army? How was it that during the four years of the war the people of the United States lent to the Government thousands of millions and yet emerged from the struggle a prosperous, not a bankrupt nation? These questions and many others find an answer in Professor Fite's "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War," which treats of *an aspect of our national history under-emphasized by economists and neglected by historians.*

The student and teacher will find in the first seven chapters on agriculture, mining, transportation, manufacturing, commerce, capital and labor a mine of information that will tend to recast the accepted interpretations of events in the sixties. The general reader, especially if he be curious to reconstruct the lives and interests of his immediate forebears, will find intimate and illuminating matter in the last four chapters on Public Improvements, Education, Luxuries and Amusements and Charity. Professor Fite has drawn widely on sources usually ignored by the political historian—newspapers, journals and the reports of associations—and has succeeded in giving in great detail a picture of social and industrial conditions during four crucial years of our national life.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN. By MARION TALBOT. Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1910.

The *raison d'être* of Dean Talbot's disappointing little book on the "Education of Women" is hard to establish—unless it be "a wise attempt to shape a movement," as is hinted in the introductory chapter—which, by the way, is the very thing we are looking for in a book bearing this title.

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Woman's education in this country has passed its pioneer and controversial stage and is rooted among the institutions of the land. But just what form this particular institution is to take, just what is to be its development in the immediate future, is a question of absorbing interest to a goodly company of educators and a noble army of fathers and mothers. Are girls to be educated on exactly the same plan as boys, and if so, is the present man-made system efficient? If girls are to be trained along different lines, what determines the divergence? At what age does it begin? What subjects are included or excluded? These questions are not answered by Dean Talbot, though she gives us to understand that the system of woman's education was modelled upon that "already outgrown of men," and that the "woman's college is still held in some degree in the trammels of the old traditions." The history of woman's education is not in any degree fully outlined that we may know just where we stand, nor are the various classes of institutions where women are trained indicated and the type of training they offer analyzed. We are told that the last century was marked by an industrial, educational, civic, philanthropic, domestic and social change in the status of women. Dean Talbot illustrates the changing educational ideals and the consequent modifications of the curricula which have accompanied this so-called emancipation of woman by the typical woman's college and a State university. An interesting comparison is made of the courses offered at Vassar in 1861 with those given at the present time, and of the advantages given to women at the University of Wisconsin in 1868 and in 1909. But women's colleges are large and small; they have high and low standards; some fit for professional schools and others do not; some have graduate departments leading to higher degrees and others are for undergraduates only. The conditions at the State university are not identical with such affiliated colleges as Barnard and Radcliffe, nor with the problems of co-education in a privately endowed institution.

The book is neither a history, an analysis nor a handbook; but rather a digest of many college catalogues and institutional programmes, past and present. It might be described as a syllabus of syllabi; and is no real use to students of educational problems who must turn to its sources for a more detailed study of any special subject, though its digests and summaries may prove a boon to many a "Commencement Speaker." Dean Talbot has made many just criticisms of our present educational machinery and offered many helpful suggestions. But the criticisms are so general and sweeping that we are challenged at every page to state that they are not found in all schools and colleges where women study. On the other hand, so many hopeful features are omitted from consideration that we are forced to conclude that the scope of this study is too limited. Coming from the dean of women at one of the largest co-educational universities in the country, and from the pen of one of the founders of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, the book is disappointing in the extreme.

ADAM SMITH AND MODERN SOCIOLOGY. By ALBION W. SMALL. Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1907.

Were we to build a "five-foot shelf" to contain all the single books that had inspired "schools of thought"—which is but another phrase for "bones of contention"—Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" would find there a

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place of honor. The "English Classical Economists," the Marxian Socialists, the German economic historians and a host of younger offsprings and upstarts claim apostolic succession from the Seer of Edinborough. Their systems, however diverse, and their deductions, however contradictory, claim to rest on certain fundamental principles laid down in this economic Bible. As in the case of any controversy over the interpretation of facts, rather than of the facts themselves, there is great danger that in shifting the focus of attention from the original to the interpretation of the original the essential features may be distorted or ignored. Much is written about the "Wealth of Nations," but few read the book, and the "Father of Political Economy" is known rather through text-books than at first hand. Professor Small's essay on "Adam Smith and Modern Sociology" is destined to rescue the "Wealth of Nations" from the limbo of unread masterpieces, and to turn men once more to this "inquiry" which for breadth of vision, wealth of fact, and shrewd human wisdom is likely to remain one of the great books of the world. The author's object is to point out that the contradictory interpretations of Adam Smith have resulted from attempts to restrict Adam Smith's study to the production and distribution of wealth, ignoring his wider social philosophy of the end and aim of production or social well-being. The theme of the book is the proposition that "modern sociology is virtually an attempt to take up the larger programme of social analysis and interpretation which is implicit in Adam Smith's moral philosophy, but which was suppressed for a century by prevailing interest in the technique of the production of wealth." This places Adam Smith among the sociologists or social philosophers rather than the economists, with the interesting corollary that his "Theory of the Moral Sentiments" becomes the foundation of his social philosophy: the "Wealth of Nations," a concrete technicological inquiry as to how social well-being may be secured. Professor Small insists that we must give up our text-book notions of the founder of political economy as a *laissez-faire* theorist absorbed in the technique of production and the mechanism of commercial life. He claims, and with justice, that in Adam Smith's mind "there was no antithesis, still less divorce, between economic technology and sociology; and that the organization of the two in his philosophy rested upon a general conception of the subordinate relationship of all specific activities within an inclusive moral system to which in effect, though not in detail, all students of sociology must alternately return."

GOVERNMENTAL ACTION FOR SOCIAL WELFARE. By JEREMIAH W. JENKS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

The American Social Progress Series has to its credit two books of marked originality and suggestiveness—Professor Patten's "New Basis of Civilization" and Dr. Devine's "Misery and its Causes." Professor Jenks's Kennedy Lectures for 1907-08 are now appearing in the same series under the title "Governmental Action for Social Welfare." It is a little book which the very busy person might read on a two-hour railway trip to find out what he himself thinks about the State's relation to the citizen and the citizen's relation to the State. Unlike its predecessors in the same series, it does not contain any original opinions or unusual facts, but it is crystallized good sense on the vexed topic of social welfare and represents the opinions of a right-minded, public-spirited citizen clearly and forcibly ex-

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pressed. The right attitudes of the executive, the legislative and the private citizen to the general good or welfare are indicated, and many of the political problems confronting the American cities at the present time are discussed. Everything that comes from Professor Jenks's pen is readable and sensible, but we could wish for our own peace of mind that the solutions offered for our social and political ailments were not so obvious and simple. A good deal of the complexity of human nature and human institutions seems disregarded when there is administered to the body politic such allopathic cures.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY SOCIALISM. By EDMUND KELLY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1910.

In these days of kaleidoscopic change and social unrest, it seems as if nine out of every ten books the "general reader" dipped into deal with some phase of the institution of property. Essay, fiction and drama find in it subject-matter for various literary styles and poetry has coquetted with it—thus far not seriously. But apart from these four categories of formal literature, and also distinguished from what may be called the "contributions to science," there is a mass of writing—printed matter is not too harsh a term—put forth yearly in increasing volume of a polemic and controversial nature, and which defends or attacks property and the existing social order. Mutually exclusive categories are always specious arguments, as few human beings are simple enough to be defined in a single term. Few men are wholly conservative, probably fewer wholly radical. Even Republicans have borrowed Democratic planks and Democrats have endorsed Rooseveltian policies. These distinctions are child's play, however, compared to the task of determining what constitutes a Socialist and what an Individualist. There seems great difference of opinion in all lands and among all people about the moral right and the political and social expediency of maintaining our present property system. The consensus of opinion seems in favor of calling the people who see a change in our system of holding and administering property, desirable or undesirable Socialists; and the people who consider such a change undesirable and preventable by a series of names ranging from Individualist, Capitalist and Reactionary to epithets too dire to sully these fair pages. The general reader who is apt to become a little flurried in the interchange of amenities between Socialist and non-Socialist is recommended to turn to "Twentieth-Century Socialism," by the late Mr. Edmund Kelly, if he would discover "what it is not, what it is, and how it is to come." Mr. Kelly, as is pointed out in the two introductions, was not always a Socialist. Professor Gidding describes him as a man "intensely democratic in his relation to men—in breeding, in culture, in delicacy of feeling, an aristocrat of the purest type." Mr. Rufus Weeks adds that in nearly the whole of his life he was a "non-Socialist solidarist." He was, moreover, a lawyer by trade and trained to think clearly and make distinctions. He became a Socialist in the later years of his life from the profound conviction that the existing capitalistic order was responsible for the inequalities and attendant evils of modern life and from an equally profound conviction that human agency could do away with them. The argument for this position is put forward with great lucidity and point. Beginning negatively, the author pointed out that Socialism is not communism nor Anarchism. It does not suppress competi-

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tion, destroy the home, abolish property, nor impair liberty. It is not the bogey of popular superstition, but something altogether innocuous. Socialism (not yet defined) is contrasted in Book II with Capitalism, which is stupid, wasteful and disorderly and which subjects men to the tyranny of the market, the trust and the union. And then on page 202 we learn that "Socialism is too vast a subject to be brought within the four corners of any one definition. . . . Socialism is not a simple thing; it is a highly complex thing; and it is only when we have grasped all that Socialism will effect—when we have studied its economic results, its political results—that we can appreciate this new 'Gospel of the Poor.'" The poor general reader, with some groaning in spirit, pushes on through the following two hundred pages of economic, political, scientific and ethical discussion buoyed up by the promise that whatever Socialism turns out to be, "it unites the divergencies between economics and politics and solves the conflict between science and religion." That it finally turns out to be the substitution of co-operation for competition, with the good elements of the competitive system retained, is the private opinion of the reviewer, and this position seems capable of definitive form. That our present very complex civilization will ever develop into any system as simple as the picture presented in this book is a highly debatable proposition. So is the author's cataloguing of all people in mutually exclusive groups of bourgeois, revolutionists and evolutionists and many other equally obvious but questionable categories.

An annoying feature of the book is the constant reference to arguments, propositions and conclusions to be disclosed to the reader subsequently, giving the uncanny impression that it was written from finish to start and from the bottom of the page up in the fashion of a Chinese laundry bill. The book is, at best, one of personal opinions and interpretations. But as they are the opinions and interpretations of an interested and thoughtful man, it is worth reading, though a challenge lies in every page. The future alone can reveal whether it is or whether it is not Twentieth-century Socialism.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

II—*(Continued)*

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT.—*Razumov, a student of philosophy at the University of St. Petersburg, is supposed to be the son of humble parents, but is under the protection of a powerful nobleman. At the moment when he has decided to compete for a scholarship medal a despotic Minister of State is assassinated. Razumov returning to his rooms finds Haldin, a fellow student, awaiting him. Haldin reveals the fact that he threw the bomb which killed the minister. Believing Razumov sympathetic, he asks him to assist him in his escape. Razumov, inwardly protesting against being involved in the affair, starts out to do as Haldin wishes. The plan, however, miscarries, and Razumov in desperation decides to lay the whole matter before Prince K., his mysterious protector.*

IT was lucky for Razumov that Prince K—— was not of a timid character. On the day of Mr. de P——'s murder an extreme alarm and despondency prevailed in the high official spheres.

Prince K——, sitting sadly in his study, was told by his alarmed servants that a mysterious young man had forced his way into the hall, refused to tell his name and the nature of his business, and would not move from there till he had seen his Excellency in private. Instead of locking himself up and telephoning for the police, as nine out of ten high personages would have done that evening, the Prince gave way to curiosity and came quietly to the door of his study.

In the hall, the front door standing wide open, he recognized at once Razumov, pale as death, his eyes blazing and surrounded by perplexed lackeys.

The Prince was vexed beyond measure, and even indignant. But his humane instinct and a subtle sense of self-respect could not allow him to let this young man be thrown out into the street by base menials. He retreated unseen into his room and after a little rang his bell. Razumov heard in the hall an ominously raised harsh voice saying somewhere far away,

"Show the gentleman in here."

Razumov walked in without a tremor. He felt himself invulnerable—raised far above the shallowness of common judgment. Though he saw the Prince looking at him with black displeasure, the lucidity of his mind, of which he was very conscious, gave him an extraordinary assurance. He was not asked to sit down.

Half an hour later they appeared in the hall together. All the lackeys stood up and the Prince, moving with difficulty, was helped into his furs. The carriage had been ordered before. When the great double door was flung open with a crash Razumov, who had been standing silent with a lost gaze, but with every faculty intensely on the alert, heard the Prince's voice,

"Your arm, young man."

The mobile, superficial mind of the ex-guard's officer, man of showy missions, experienced in nothing but the arts of gallant intrigue and

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worldly success, had been equally impressed by the more obvious difficulties of such a situation and by Razumov's quiet dignity in stating them.

He had said: "No. Upon the whole, I can't condemn the step you ventured to take by coming to me with your story. It is not an affair for police understrappers. The greatest importance is attached to . . . Set your mind at rest. I shall see you through this most extraordinary and difficult situation."

Then the Prince rose to ring the bell, and Razumov, making a short bow, said with deference:

"I have trusted my instinct. A young man having no claim upon anybody in the world has in an hour of trial involving his deepest political convictions turned to an illustrious Russian—that's all."

The Prince had exclaimed hastily,

"You have done well."

In the carriage—it was a small brougham on sleigh runners—Razumov broke the silence in a voice that trembled slightly:

"My gratitude surpasses the greatness of my presumption."

He gasped, feeling unexpectedly in the dark a momentary pressure on his arm.

"You have done well," repeated the Prince.

When the carriage stopped, the Prince murmured to Razumov, who had never ventured a single question,

"The house of General T——."

In the middle of the snow-covered roadway blazed a great bonfire. Some Cossacks, the bridles of their horses over the arm, were warming themselves around. Two sentries stood at the door, several gendarmes lounged under the great carriage gateway, and, on the first floor landing, two orderlies rose and stood at attention. Razumov walked at the Prince's elbow.

A surprising quantity of hothouse plants in pots cumbered the floor of the anteroom. Servants came forward. A young man in civilian clothes arrived hurriedly, was whispered to, bowed low, and exclaiming zealously, "Certainly—this minute," fled within somewhere. The Prince signed to Razumov.

They passed through a suite of reception-rooms all barely lit and one of them prepared for dancing. The wife of the General had put off her party. An atmosphere of consternation pervaded the place. But the General's own room, with heavy sombre hangings, two massive desks and deep armchairs, had all the lights turned on. The footman shut the door behind them and they waited.

There was a coal fire in an English grate. Razumov had never before seen such a fire, and the silence of the room was like the silence of the grave; perfect, measureless, for even the clock on the mantelpiece made no sound. Filling a corner, on a black pedestal, stood a quarter life-size, smooth-limbed bronze of an adolescent figure running. The Prince observed in an undertone:

"Spontini's 'Flight of Youth.' Exquisite."

"Admirable," assented Razumov, faintly.

They said nothing more after this, the Prince silent with his grand air, Razumov staring at the bronze. He was worried by a sensation resembling the gnawing of hunger.

He did not turn when he heard an inner door fly open and a quick footstep muffled on the carpet.

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The Prince's voice immediately exclaimed, thick with excitement:

"We have got him—*ce misérable.* A worthy young man came to me. No! It's incredible. . . ."

Razumov held his breath before the bronze as if expecting a crash. Behind his back a voice he had never heard before insisted, politely,

"*Mais asseyez-vous donc.*"

The Prince almost shrieked: "*Mais, comprenez-vous, mon cher! L'assassin!* The murderer! We have got him! . . ."

Razumov spun round. The General's smooth big cheeks rested on the stiff collar of his uniform. He must have been already looking at Razumov, because that last saw the pale blue eyes resting on him coldly.

The Prince from a chair waved an impressive hand.

"This is the most honorable young man whom Providence itself . . . Mr. Razumov."

The General acknowledged the introduction by frowning slightly at Razumov, who did not make the slightest movement.

Sitting down before his desk, the General listened with compressed lips. It was impossible to detect the slightest emotion on his face.

Razumov watched the immobility of the fleshy profile. But it lasted only a moment, till the Prince had finished; and when the General turned full face to the providential young man, his florid complexion, the blue, unbelieving eyes and the bright white flash of an automatic smile had an air of jovial, careless cruelty. He expressed no wonder at the extraordinary story—no pleasure or excitement—no incredulity, either. He betrayed no sentiment whatever. Only with a politeness almost deferential suggested that "the bird might have flown while Mr.—Mr. Razumov was running about the streets."

Razumov advanced to the middle of the room and said,

"The door is locked and I have the key in my pocket."

His loathing for the man was intense. It had come upon him so unawares that he felt he had not kept it out of his voice. The General looked up at him thoughtfully and Razumov grinned.

All this went over the head of Prince K—— seated in a deep armchair, very tired and impatient.

"A student called Haldin," said the General, thoughtfully.

Razumov ceased to grin.

"That is his name," he said, unnecessarily loud. "Victor Victorovitch Haldin—a student."

The General shifted his position a little.

"How is he dressed? Would you have the goodness to tell me?"

Razumov angrily described Haldin's clothing in a few jerky words. The General stared all the time, then addressing the Prince:

"We were not without some indications," he said in French. "A good woman who was in the street described to us somebody wearing a dress of the sort as the thrower of the second bomb. We have detained her at the Secretariat, and every one in a Tcherkess coat we could lay our hands on has been brought to her to look at. She kept on signing herself and shaking her head at them. It was exasperating. . . ."

He turned to Razumov and in Russian with friendly reproach:

"Take a chair, Mr. Razumov—do. Why are you standing?"

Razumov sat down carelessly and looked at the General.

"This goggle-eyed imbecile understands nothing," he thought.

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The Prince began to speak loftily.

"Mr. Razumov is a young man of conspicuous abilities. I have it at heart that his future should not . . ."

"Certainly," interrupted the General, with a movement of the hand. "Has he any weapons on him, do you think, Mr. Razumov?"

The General employed a gentle musical voice. Razumov answered with suppressed irritation:

"No. But my razors are lying about—you understand."

The General lowered his head approvingly.

"Precisely."

Then to the Prince, explaining courteously:

"We want that bird alive. It will be the devil if we can't make him sing a little before we are done with him."

The grave-like silence of the room with its mute clock fell upon the polite modulations of this terrible phrase. The Prince hidden in the chair made no sound.

The General unexpectedly developed a thought.

"Fidelity to menaced institutions on which depend the safety of a throne and of a people is no child's-play. We know that, *mon Prince,* and *tenez*—" he went on with a sort of flattering harshness, "Mr. Razumov here begins to understand that too."

His eyes, which he turned upon Razumov, seemed to be starting out of his head. This grotesqueness of aspect no longer shocked Razumov. He said with gloomy conviction:

"Haldin will never speak."

"That remains to be seen," muttered the General.

"I am certain," insisted Razumov. "A man like this never speaks. . . . Do you imagine that I am here from fear?" he added, violently. He felt ready to stand by his opinion of Haldin to the last extremity.

"Certainly not," protested the General, with great simplicity of tone. "And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Razumov, that if he had not come with his tale to such a stanch and loyal Russian as you he would have disappeared like a stone in the water . . . which would have had a detestable effect," he added, with a bright, cruel smile under his stony stare. "So, you see, there can be no suspicion of any fear here."

The Prince intervened, looking at Razumov round the back of the arm-chair.

"Nobody doubts the moral soundness of your action. Be at ease in that respect, pray."

He turned to the General uneasily.

"That's why I am here. You may be surprised why I should . . ."

The General hastened to interrupt.

"Not at all. Extremely natural. You saw the importance. . . ."

"Yes," broke in the Prince. "And I venture to ask insistently that mine and Mr. Razumov's intervention should not become public. He is a young man of promise—of remarkable aptitudes."

"I haven't a doubt of it," murmured the General. "He inspires confidence."

"All sorts of pernicious views are so wide-spread nowadays—they taint such unexpected quarters—that, monstrous as it seems, he might suffer. . . . His studies . . . His . . ."

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The General, with his elbows on the desk, took his head between his hands.

"Yes. Yes. I am thinking it out. . . . How long is it since you left him at your rooms, Mr. Razumov?"

Razumov mentioned the hour, which nearly corresponded with the time of his distracted flight from the big slum-house. He had made up his mind to keep Ziemianitch out of the affair completely. To mention him at all would mean imprisonment for the "bright soul," perhaps cruel floggings, and in the end a journey into Siberia in chains. Razumov, who had beaten Ziemianitch, felt for him now a vague, remorseful tenderness.

The General, giving way for the first time to his secret sentiments, exclaimed contemptuously:

"And you say he came in to make you this confidence like this—for nothing—*à propos des bottes.*"

Razumov felt danger in the air. The merciless suspicion of despotism had spoken openly at last. Sudden fear sealed Razumov's lips. The silence of the room resembled now the silence of a deep dungeon, where time does not count and a suspect person is sometimes forgotten. But the Prince came to the rescue.

"Providence itself has led the wretch in a moment of mental aberration to seek Mr. Razumov on the strength of some old, utterly misinterpreted exchange of ideas—some sort of idle speculative conversation—months ago—I am told—and completely forgotten till now by Mr. Razumov."

"Mr. Razumov," queried the General, coldly, after a short silence, "do you often indulge in speculative conversation?"

"No, Excellency," answered Razumov, coolly, in a sudden access of self-confidence. "I am a man of deep convictions. Crude opinions are in the air. They are not always worth combating. But even the silent contempt of a serious mind may be misinterpreted by headlong Utopists."

The General stared from between his hands. Prince K—— murmured:

"A serious young man. *Un esprit supérieur.*"

"I see that, *mon cher Prince,*" said the General. "Mr. Razumov is quite safe with me. I am interested in him. He has, it seems, the great and useful quality of inspiring confidence. What I was wondering at is why the other should mention anything at all—I mean even the bare fact alone—if his object was only to obtain temporary shelter for a few hours. For, after all, nothing was easier than to say nothing about it, unless, indeed, he were trying, under a crazy misapprehension of your true sentiments, to enlist your assistance—eh, Mr. Razumov?"

It seemed to Razumov that the floor was moving slightly. This grotesque man in a tight uniform was terrible. It was right that he should be terrible.

"I can see what your Excellency has in your mind. But I can only answer that I don't know why."

"I have nothing in my mind," murmured the General, with gentle surprise.

"I am his prey—his helpless prey," thought Razumov. The fatigues and the disgusts of that afternoon, the need to forget, the fear which he could not keep off, reawakened his hate for Haldin.

"Then I can't help your Excellency. I don't know what he meant.

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I only know there was a moment when I wished to kill him. There was also a moment when I wished myself dead. I said nothing. I was overcome. I provoked no confidence—I asked for no explanations—"

Razumov seemed beside himself; but his mind was lucid. It was really a calculated outburst.

"It is rather a pity," the General said, "that you did not. Don't you know at all what he means to do?"

Razumov calmed down and saw an opening there.

"He told me he was in hopes that a sledge would meet him about half an hour after midnight at the seventh lamp-post on the left from the upper end of Karabelnaya. At any rate, he meant to be there at that time. He did not even ask for a change of clothes."

"*Ah, voilà!*" said the General, turning to Prince K—— with an air of satisfaction. "There is a way to keep your *protégé*, Mr. Razumov, quite clear of any connection with the actual arrest. We shall be ready for that gentleman in Karabelnaya."

The Prince expressed his gratitude. There was real emotion in his voice. Razumov, motionless, silent, sat staring at the carpet. The General turned to him.

"Half an hour after midnight. Till then we have to depend on you, Mr. Razumov. You don't think he is likely to change his purpose?"

"How can I tell?" said Razumov. "Those men are not of the sort that ever changes its purpose."

"What men do you mean?"

"Fanatical lovers of liberty in general. Liberty with a capital L, Excellency. Liberty that means nothing precise. Liberty in whose name crimes are committed."

The General murmured.

"I detest rebels of every kind. I can't help it. It's my nature!"

He clenched a fist and shook it, drawing back his arm. "They shall be destroyed, then."

"They have made a sacrifice of their lives beforehand," said Razumov, with malicious pleasure, and looking the General straight in the face. "If Haldin does change his purpose to-night, you may depend on it that it will not be to save his life by flight in some other way. He would have thought then of something else to attempt. But that is not likely."

The General repeated as if to himself, "They shall be destroyed."

Razumov assumed an impenetrable expression. The Prince exclaimed:

"What a terrible necessity!" The General's arm was lowered slowly.

"One comfort there is. That brood leaves no posterity. I've always said it; one effort, pitiless, persistent, steady—and we are done with them forever."

Razumov thought to himself that this man, entrusted with so much arbitrary power, must have believed what he said, or else he could not have gone on bearing the responsibility.

The General repeated again with extreme animosity:

"I detest rebels. These subversive minds! These intellectual debauchees! My existence has been built on fidelity. It's a feeling. To defend it I am ready to lay down my life—and even my honor—if that were needed. But pray tell me what honor can there be as against rebels—against people that deny God Himself. It is horrible to think of."

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During this tirade Razumov, facing the General, had nodded slightly twice. Prince K——, standing on one side with his grand air, murmured, casting up his eyes:

"*Hélas!*"

Then lowering his glance and with great decision, declared:

"This young man, General, is perfectly fit to apprehend the bearing of your memorable words."

The General's whole expression changed from dull resentment to perfect urbanity.

"I would ask now Mr. Razumov," he said, "to return to his home. Note that I don't ask Mr. Razumov whether he has justified his absence to his guest. No doubt he did this sufficiently. But I don't ask. Mr. Razumov inspires confidence. It is a great gift. I only suggest that a more prolonged absence might awaken the criminal's suspicions and induce him perhaps to change his plans."

He rose and with scrupulous courtesy escorted his visitors to the anteroom encumbered with flower-pots.

Razumov parted with the Prince at the corner of a street. In the carriage he had listened to speeches where natural sentiment struggled with caution. Evidently the Prince was afraid of encouraging any hopes of future intercourse. But there was a touch of tenderness in the voice uttering in the dark the guarded general phrases of good-will. And the Prince said:

"I have perfect confidence in you, Mr. Razumov."

"They all, it seems, have confidence in me," thought Razumov, fully. He had an indulgent contempt for the man sitting shoulder to shoulder with him in the confined space. Probably he was afraid of scenes with his wife. She was said to be proud and violent.

It seemed to him bizarre that secrecy should play such a large part in the comfort and safety of lives. But he wanted to put the Prince's mind at ease; and with a proper amount of emphasis he said that, being conscious of some small abilities and confident in his power of work, he trusted his future to his own exertions. He protested his gratitude for the helping hand. Such dangerous situations did not occur twice in the course of one life, he added.

"And you have met it with a firmness of mind and correctness of feeling which give me a high idea of your worth," the Prince said, solemnly. "You have now only to persevere—to persevere."

On getting out on the pavement Razumov saw an ungloved hand extended to him through the lowered window of the brougham. It detained his own in its grasp for a moment, while the light of a street lamp fell upon the Prince's long face and old-fashioned gray whiskers.

"I hope you are perfectly reassured now as to the consequences . . ."

"After what your Excellency has condescended to do for me. I can only rely on my conscience."

"Adieu," said the whiskered head, with feeling.

Razumov bowed. The brougham glided away with a slight swish in the snow—he was alone on the edge of the pavement.

He said to himself that there was nothing to think about, and began walking toward his home.

He walked quietly. It was a common experience to walk thus home to bed after an evening spent somewhere with his fellows or in the

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cheaper seats of a theatre. After he had gone a little way the familiarity of things got hold of him. Nothing was changed. There was the familiar corner: and when he turned it he saw the familiar dim light of the provision-shop kept by a German woman. There were loaves of stale bread, bunches of onions, and strings of sausages behind the small window-panes. They were closing it. The sickly lame fellow whom he knew so well by sight staggered out into the snow, embracing a large shutter.

Nothing would change. There was the familiar gateway yawning black, with feeble glimmers marking the arches of the different staircases.

The sense of life's continuity depended on trifling bodily impressions. The trivialities of daily existence were an armor for the soul. And this thought reinforced the inward quietness of Razumov as he began to climb the stairs familiar to his feet in the dark, with his hand on the familiar clammy banister. The exceptional could not prevail against the material contacts which make one day resemble another. To-morrow would be like yesterday.

It was only on the stage that the unusual was outwardly acknowledged.

"I suppose," thought Razumov, "that if I had made up my mind to blow out my brains on the landing I would be going up these stairs as quietly as I am doing it now. What's a man to do? What must be must be. Extraordinary things do happen. But when they have happened they are done with. Thus, too, when the mind is made up. That question is done with. And the daily concerns, the familiarities of our thought, swallow it up—and the life goes on as before with its mysterious and secret sides quite out of sight, as they should be. Life is a public thing."

Razumov unlocked his door and took the key out; entered very quietly and bolted the door behind him carefully.

He thought, "He hears me," and after bolting the door he stood still, holding his breath. There was not a sound. He crossed the bare outer room, stepping deliberately in the darkness. Entering the other, he felt all over his table for the match-box. The silence, but for the groping of his hand, was profound. Could the fellow be sleeping so soundly?

He struck a light and looked at the bed. Haldin was lying on his back as before, only both his hands were under his head. His eyes were open. He stared at the ceiling.

Razumov held the match up. He saw the clear-cut features, the firm chin, the white forehead, and the topknot of fair hair against the white pillow. There he was, lying flat on his back. Razumov thought suddenly: "I have walked over his chest."

He continued to stare till the match burnt itself out; then struck another and lit the lamp in silence without looking toward the bed any more. He had turned his back on it and was hanging his coat on a peg, when he heard Haldin sigh profoundly, then ask in a tired voice:

"Well! And what have you arranged?"

The emotion was so great that Razumov was glad to put his hands against the wall. A diabolic impulse to say, "I have given you up to the police," frightened him exceedingly. But he did not say that. He said, without turning round, in a muffled voice:

"It's done."

Again he heard Haldin sigh. He walked to the table, sat down with the lamp before him, and only then looked toward the bed.

In the distant corner of the large room far away from the lamp, which

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was small and provided with a very thick china shade, Haldin appeared like a dark and elongated shape—rigid with the immobility of death. This body seemed to have less substance than its own phantom walked over by Razumov in the street white with snow. It was more alarming in its shadowy, persistent reality than the distinct but vanishing illusion.

Haldin was heard again.

"You must have had a walk—such a walk . . ." he murmured, deprecatingly. "This weather . . ."

Razumov answered with energy:

"Horrible walk. . . . A nightmare of a walk."

He shuddered audibly. Haldin sighed once more; then:

"And so you have seen Ziemianitch—brother?"

"I've seen him."

Razumov, remembering the time he had spent with the Prince, thought it prudent to add: "I had to wait some time."

"A character—eh? It's extraordinary what a sense of the necessity of freedom there is in that man. And he has sayings, too—simple, to the point, such as only the people can invent in their rough sagacity. A character that . . ."

"I, you understand, haven't had much opportunity . . ." Razumov muttered, through his teeth.

Haldin continued to stare at the ceiling.

"You see, brother, I have been a good deal in that house of late. I used to take there books—leaflets. Not a few of the poor people who live there can read. And, you see, the guests for the feast of freedom must be sought for in byways and hedges. The truth is I have almost lived in that house of late. I slept sometimes in the stable. There is a stable . . ."

"That's where I had my interview with Ziemianitch," interrupted Razumov, gently. A mocking spirit seemed to have entered into him, and he added: "It was satisfactory in a sense. I came away from it much relieved."

"Ah! he's a fellow," went on Haldin, talking slowly at the ceiling. "I came to know him in that way, you see. For some weeks now, ever since I resigned myself to do what had to be done, I tried to isolate myself. I gave up my rooms. What was the good of exposing a decent widow woman to the risk of being worried out of her mind by the police? I gave up seeing any of our comrades . . ."

Razumov drew to himself a half-sheet of paper and began to trace lines on it with a pencil.

"Upon my word," he thought, angrily, "he seems to have thought of everybody's safety but mine."

Haldin was talking on.

"This morning— Ah! this morning—that was different. How can I explain to you? Before the deed was done I wandered at night and lay hid in the day, thinking it out, and I felt restful. Sleepless but restful. What was there for me to torment myself about? But this morning—after! Then it was that I became restless. I could not have stopped in that big house full of misery. The miserable of this world can't give you peace. Then when that silly caretaker began to shout, I said to myself: 'There is a young man in this town head and shoulders above common prejudices.'"

"Is he laughing at me?" Razumov asked himself, going on with his

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aimless drawing of triangles and squares. And suddenly he thought: "My behavior must appear to him strange. Should he take fright at my manner and rush off somewhere I shall be undone completely. That infernal General . . ."

He dropped the pencil and turned abruptly toward the bed with the shadowy figure extended full length on it—so much more indistinct than the one over whose breast he had walked without faltering. Was this, too, a phantom?

The silence had lasted a long time. "He is no longer here," was the thought against which Razumov struggled desperately, quite frightened at its absurdity. "He is already gone, and this . . . only . . ."

He could resist no longer. He sprang to his feet, saying aloud, "I am intolerably anxious," and in a few headlong strides stood by the side of the bed. His hand fell lightly on Haldin's shoulder, and directly he felt its reality he was beset by an insane temptation to grip that exposed throat and squeeze the breath out of that body, lest it should escape his custody, leaving only a phantom behind.

Haldin did not stir a limb, but his overshadowed eyes, moving a little, gazed upward at Razumov with wistful gratitude for this manifestation of feeling.

Razumov turned abruptly away and strode up and down the room. "It would have been possibly a kindness," he muttered to himself, and was appalled by the nature of that apology for a murderous intention his mind had found somewhere within him. And all the same he could not give it up. He became lucid about it. "What can he expect?" he thought. "The halter—in the end. And I . . ."

This argument was interrupted by Haldin's voice.

"Why be anxious for me? They can kill my body, but they cannot exile my soul from this world. I tell you what—I believe in this world so much that I cannot conceive Eternity otherwise than as a very long life. That is perhaps the reason I am so ready to die."

"H'm!" muttered Razumov, and, biting his lower lip, he continued to walk up and down and to carry on his strange argument.

Yes, to a man in such a situation—of course it would be an act of kindness. The question, however, is not how to be kind, but how to be firm. He is a slippery customer. . . .

"I, too, Victor Victorovitch, believe in this world of ours," he said, with force. "I, too, while I live. . . . But you seem determined to haunt it. You can't seriously mean . . ."

The voice of the motionless Haldin began:

"Haunt it! Truly, the oppressors of thought which quickens the world, the destroyers of souls which aspire to perfection of human dignity, they shall be haunted. As to the destroyers of my mere body, I have forgiven them beforehand."

Razumov had stopped apparently to listen, but at the same time he was observing his own sensations. He was vexed with himself for attaching so much importance to what Haldin said.

"The fellow's mad," he thought, firmly, but this opinion did not mollify him toward Haldin. It was a particularly impudent form of lunacy—and when it got loose into the sphere of public life of a country, it was obviously the duty of every good citizen . . .

This train of thought broke off short there and was succeeded by a

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paroxysm of silent hatred toward Haldin, so intense that Razumov hastened to speak at random.

"Yes, Eternity, of course. I, too, can't very well represent it to myself. . . . I imagine it, however, as something quiet and dull. There would be nothing unexpected—don't you see? The element of time would be wanting."

He pulled out his watch and gazed at it. Haldin turned over on his side and looked on intently.

Razumov got frightened at this movement. A slippery customer, this fellow with a phantom. It was not midnight yet. He hastened on.

"And unfathomable mysteries! Can you conceive secret places in Eternity? Impossible. Whereas life is full of them. There are secrets of birth, for instance. One carries them on to the grave. There is something comical . . . but never mind. And there are secret motives of conduct. A man's most open actions have a secret side to them. That is interesting and so unfathomable! For instance, a man gets out of a room for a walk. Nothing more trivial in appearance. And yet it may be momentous. He comes back—he has seen perhaps a drunken brute, taken particular notice of the snow on the ground—and behold he is no longer the same man. The most unlikely things have a secret power over one's thoughts—the gray whiskers of a particular person—the goggle-eyes of another."

Razumov's forehead was moist. He took a turn or two in the room, his head low and smiling to himself viciously.

"Have you ever reflected on the power of goggle-eyes and gray whiskers? Excuse me. You seem to think I must be crazy to talk in this vein at such a time. But I am not talking lightly. I have seen instances. It has happened to me once to be talking to a man whose fate was affected by physical facts of that kind. And the man did not know it. Of course it was a case of conscience, but the material facts such as these brought about the solution. . . . And you tell me, Victor Victorovitch, not to be anxious! Why? I am responsible for you!" Razumov almost shrieked.

He avoided with difficulty a burst of Mephistophelian laughter. Haldin, very pale, raised himself on his elbow.

"And the surprises of life," went on Razumov, after glancing at the other uneasily. "Just consider their astonishing nature. A mysterious impulse induces you to come here. I don't say you have done wrong. Indeed, from a certain point of view you could not have done better. You might have gone to a man with affections and family ties. You have such ties yourself. As to me, you know I have been brought up in an educational institute where they did not give us enough to eat. To talk of affection in such a connection—you perceive yourself. . . . As to ties, the only ties I have in the world are social. I must get acknowledged in some way before I can act on it. I sit here working. . . . And don't you think I am working for progress too? I've got to find my own ideas of the true way. . . . Pardon me," continued Razumov, after drawing breath and with a short throaty laugh, "but I haven't inherited a revolutionary inspiration together with a resemblance from an uncle."

He looked again at his watch and noticed with sickening disgust that there were yet a good many minutes to midnight. He tore watch and chain off his waistcoat and laid them on the table, well in the circle of bright lamplight. Haldin, reclining on his elbow, did not stir. Razumov

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was made uneasy by this attitude. "What move is he meditating over so quietly?" he thought. "He must be prevented. I must keep on talking to him."

He raised his voice.

"You are a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin—I don't know what—to no end of people. I am just a man. Here I stand before you. A man with a mind. Did it ever occur to you how a man who had never heard a word of warm affection or praise in his life would think on matters on which you could think first with or against your class, your domestic tradition—your fireside prejudices. . . . Did you ever consider how a man like that would feel? I have no domestic tradition. I have nothing to think against. My tradition is historical. What have I to look back to but that national past from which you gentlemen want to wrench away your future. Am I to let my intelligence, my aspirations toward a better lot, be robbed of the only thing it has to go upon at the will of violent enthusiasts? You come from your province, but all this land is mine—or I have nothing. No doubt you shall be looked upon as a martyr some day—a sort of hero—a political saint. But I beg to be excused. I am content in fitting myself to be a worker. And what can you people do by scattering a few drops of blood on the snow! On this Immensity. On this unhappy Immensity. I tell you," he cried, in a vibrating, subdued voice, and advancing one step nearer the bed, "that what it needs is not a lot of haunting phantoms that I could walk through—but a man!"

Haldin threw his arms forward as if to keep him off in horror.

"I understand it all now," he exclaimed, with a sort of awestruck dismay. "I understand—at last."

Razumov staggered back against the table. His forehead broke out in perspiration, while a cold shudder ran down his spine.

"What have I been saying?" he asked himself. "Have I let him slip through my fingers, after all?"

He felt his lips go stiff like buckram, and instead of a reassuring smile he only achieved an uncertain grimace.

"What will you have?" he began, in a conciliating voice, which got steady after the first trembling word or two. "What will you have? Consider—a man of studious, retired habits—and suddenly like this. . . . I am not practised in talking delicately. But . . ."

He felt anger, a wicked anger, get hold of him again.

"What were we to do together till midnight? Sit here opposite each other and think of your—your—shambles?"

Haldin had a subdued, heart-broken attitude. He bowed his head; his hands hung between his knees. His voice was low and pained but calm.

"I see now how it is, Razumov—brother. You are a magnanimous soul, but my action is abhorrent to you—alas! . . ."

Razumov stared. From fright he had set his teeth so hard that his whole face ached. It was impossible for him to make a sound.

"And even my person, too, is loathsome to you, perhaps," Haldin added, mournfully, after a short pause, looking up for a moment, then fixing his gaze on the floor. "For indeed unless one . . ."

He broke off, evidently waiting for a word. Razumov remained silent.

"Of course. Of course," Haldin murmured. . . . "Ah! weary work!"

He remained perfectly still for a moment, then made Razumov's leaden heart strike a ponderous blow by springing up briskly.

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"So be it," he cried, sadly, in a low, distinct tone. "Farewell, then."

Razumov started forward, but the sight of Haldin's raised hand checked him before he could get away from the table. He leaned on it heavily, listening to the faint sounds of some town clock tolling the hour. Haldin, already at the door, tall and straight as an arrow, with his pale face and a hand raised attentively, might have posed for the statue of a daring youth listening to an inner voice. Razumov mechanically glanced down at his watch. When he looked toward the door again Haldin had vanished. There was a faint rustling in the outer room, the feeble click of a bolt drawn back lightly. He was gone—almost as noiseless as a vision.

Razumov ran forward unsteadily, with parted, voiceless lips. The outer door stood open. Staggering on the landing, he leaned far over the banister. Gazing down into the deep black shaft with a tiny glimmering flame at the bottom, he traced by ear the rapid spiral descent of somebody running down the stairs on tiptoe. It was a light, swift, pattering sound, that sank away from him into the depths: a fleeting shadow passed over the glimmer—a wink of the tiny flame. Then stillness.

Razumov hung over, breathing the cold raw air tainted by the evil smells of the unclean staircase. All quiet.

He went back into his room slowly, shutting the doors after him. The peaceful, steady light of his little reading-lamp shone on the watch. Razumov stood looking down at the little white dial. It wanted yet three minutes to midnight. He took the watch into his hand fumblingly.

"Slow," he muttered: and a strange fit of nervelessness came over him. His knees shook, the watch and chain slipped through his fingers in an instant and fell on the floor. He was so startled that he nearly fell himself. When at last he regained enough confidence in his limbs to stoop for it he held it to his ear at once. After a while he growled:

"Stopped," and paused for quite a long time before he muttered sourly: "It's done. . . . And now to work."

He sat down, reached haphazard for a book, opened it in the middle, and began to read; but after going consciously over two lines he lost his hold on the print completely, and did not try to regain it. He thought:

"There was to a certainty a police agent of some sort watching the house across the street."

He imagined him lurking in a dark gateway, goggle-eyed, muffled up in a cloak to the nose, and with a general's plumed, cocked hat on his head. This absurdity made him start in the chair convulsively. He literally had to shake his head violently to get rid of it. The man would be disguised perhaps as a peasant . . . a beggar. . . . Perhaps he would be just buttoned up in a dark overcoat and carrying a loaded stick—a shifty-eyed rascal, smelling of raw onions and spirits.

This evocation brought on positive nausea. "Why do I want to bother about this?" thought Razumov, with disgust. "Am I a gendarme? Moreover, it is done."

He got up in great agitation. It was not done. Not yet. Not till half past twelve. And the watch had stopped. This reduced him to despair. Impossible to know the time! The landlady and all the people across the landing were asleep. How could he go and . . . God knows what they would imagine or how much they would guess. He dared not go into the streets to find out. "I am a suspect now. There's no use shirking that fact," he said to himself, bitterly. If Haldin, from some cause or another,

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gave them the slip and failed to turn up in the Karabelnaya the police would be invading his lodging. And if he were not in he could never clear himself. Never. Razumov looked wildly about as if for some means of seizing upon time which seemed to have escaped him altogether. He had never, as far as he could remember, heard the striking of that town clock in his rooms before this night. And he was not even sure now whether he had heard it really on this night.

He went to the window and stood there with slightly bent head on the watch for the faint sound. "I will stay here till I hear something," he said to himself. He stood still, his ear turned to the panes. An atrocious aching numbness with shooting pains in his back and legs tortured him. He did not budge. His mind hovered on the borders of delirium. He heard himself suddenly saying, "I confess," as a person might do on the rack. "I am on the rack," he thought. He felt ready to swoon. The faint deep boom of the distant clock seemed to explode in his head—he heard it so clearly. . . . One!

If Haldin had not turned up, the police would have been already here ransacking the house. No sound reached him. This time it was done.

He dragged himself painfully to the table and dropped into the chair. He flung the book away and took a square sheet of paper. It was like the pile of sheets covered with his neat, minute handwriting, only blank. He took a pen brusquely and dipped it with a vague notion of going on with the writing of his essay, but his pen remained poised over the sheet. It hung there for some time before it came down and formed long scrawly letters.

Still-faced and his lips set hard, Razumov began to write. When he wrote big his neat handwriting lost its character altogether—became unsteady, almost childish. He wrote five lines one under the other:

History, not Theory.
Patriotism, not Internationalism.
Evolution, not Revolution.
Direction, not Destruction.
Unity, not Disruption.

He gazed at them dully. Then his eyes strayed to the bed and remained fixed there for a good many minutes, while his right hand groped all over the table for the penknife.

He rose at last and, walking up with measured steps, stabbed the paper with the penknife to the lath-and-plaster wall at the head of the bed. This done, he stepped back a pace and flourished his hand with a glance round the room.

After that he never looked again at the bed. He took his big cloak down from its peg and, wrapping himself up closely, went to lie down on the hard horse-hair sofa at the other side of his room. A leaden sleep closed his eyelids at once. Several times that night he woke up, shivering from a dream of walking through the heavy snow in a Russia where he was as completely alone as any betrayed autocrat could be; an immense wintry Russia which somehow his view could embrace in all its enormous expanse as if it were a map. But after each shuddering start his heavy eyelids fell over his glazed eyes and he slept again.

(To be Continued.)

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